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PEACE OR WAR?

IN a telegram published by the *Times* on Tuesday morning from its Vienna Correspondent it was said, "The idea that a great European war is inevitable is entirely of Russian origin. Nobody in Germany or Austria-Hungary wants war." The remainder of the Correspondent's statements are well founded enough; but in this particular part of them there is certainly mistake. That it is Russia which is the sole, or almost the sole, disturber of European peace, and that, if European peace is disturbed, it is most likely to be Russia's fault, is a certain truth. But the "idea" that a great European war is, if not "inevitable," hardly less probable than a thunderstorm in a hot July, is certainly not a purely Russian idea, but one common to all persons of good information and intelligence in all countries. Further, it would be agreeable to believe that "nobody in Germany wants war." Unfortunately there are the very strongest reasons for believing that there are bodies in Germany, and very highly placed bodies too, who regard the probable dissension between Boulangists and anti-Boulangists as the best possible opportunity for a fresh attack on France, for reducing what are thought to be her menacing preparations, and for settling in a sinister fashion the various small, but not unimportant, grievances between the two nations. It is not indeed believed, or to be believed, that Prince BISMARCK shares this disposition. His interest is too strong in "playing CHARLES MAGNE" rather than in running even the remotest risk of exchanging what is at present the most glorious and fortunate record of any German, if not of any, statesman, for one with an ending certainly not more brilliant and possibly clouded with disaster. But there are others who are in exactly reverse case to the Prince, who have their record to make, and who, even if they lost the first game, would have in the ordinary course of things ample time for a return match. The interests at stake are so great that the advocates of letting well alone may not improbably prevail for a time, but still it is almost certainly incorrect to say that there is nobody in Germany who wishes for war—unless, indeed, it be meant that the principal German person who wishes for an occasion of war is not at the moment in Germany. And it is also (unluckily) rash to say that, in the present precarious condition of French politics and the continued eclipse of French statesmanship, there is not a considerable chance that France will give that occasion.

As to Austria-Hungary the assertion is no doubt much truer, if not absolutely true. Even the most hotheaded Hungarian denouncer of Count KALNOKY's policy as timid does not exactly wish for war; he only thinks that a less ostentatious display of not-wishing for it might peacefully obtain greater advantages. It is true that, in the opinion of a respectable minority of soldiers and politicians, the dangers with which war is supposed to threaten Austria are not a little exaggerated. To alter the phrase of Sir HENRY KILLEREW, Austria already has a very good cause, and it is by no means certain that she might not find herself in possession of a good horse and a good sword. Her ill luck, explicable as it was, in the two last great wars in which she engaged, the delicate instability of her constitutional arrangements, and the motley character of her population are of course serious drawbacks. But it is sometimes forgotten that in any probable war the immensely greater part of her frontier is practically secure from attack, that even Bosnian insurrection and Servian hostility would require from her for the time nothing but moderate defensive exertions, and that she could concentrate almost her whole strength, either for defence or offence, on the Galician side. Still, the risks would undoubtedly be great, and the character and amount of probable gain are not such as should tempt

any sane Austrian or Hungarian to wish for war. The time is not ripe for any further extension southwards; and such an extension, if it is to come, is much more likely to be secured by a continuance of the exhibition of good government in Bosnia and the Herzegovina than by aggression. The financial condition of the Empire contra-indicates any unnecessary exertion; and the possession of such a frontier as that of Galicia, which is absolutely destitute of natural protection, and may be said almost to invite attack, is, of course, a source of weakness. Therefore it may be said truly enough that Austria's voice, unless on compulsion, will not be for war.

Yet, as has been said, there are voices, and weighty voices, in Germany which would perhaps be for it, which would certainly not be against it; there is a very strong, and it is believed a growing, inclination towards it in Russia; and there is probably, despite the Exhibition, less of a disinclination to it in France than there has been for some time. Without attributing to General BOULANGER the propensity to eat fire which some persons attribute to him, it is fair and reasonable to remember that he is, after all, General BOULANGER. Nor can it be denied that, for some time past, the active, long-continued, but hitherto vague, dislike of recent Republican Governments has taken in popular speech the well-known old form of abuse of a *tas d'avocats*, and the like. Yet in all probability, unless the bellicose influences in Germany should increase and prove uncontrollable, it is from the East not the West that the match will be set to the train. There are plenty of trains ready. Cretan insurrection or discontent has long been the stormy petrel of the Eastern question, and the bird is in full flight now. Moreover, it is pretty well known that the Greek Government at least is not actively abetting the agitation and the supply of arms (which ought to be stopped at all hazards)—that the abettor is elsewhere. It appears to be absolutely impossible to find out the truth about the Armenian complaints, though it is very significant that the charges against the principal scapegoat, Moussa BEY, seem to have dwindled down from definite accusations of the most atrocious crimes to vague generalities of brigandage and raiding. But it has been repeatedly pointed out that it really does not matter in the very least for the purpose of the agitators whether such accusations are false or true. The fact that they are made, and that well-meaning people like MR. BRYCE can be induced to take them up, is sufficient. Undoubtedly, however, the point of chief anxiety is Servia. The reported arming of the reserves—that is to say, of the peasantry—could have no possible signification of a comfortable kind, for no one of Servia's neighbours has the very faintest intention or inclination to attack her. The return of Queen NATALIE would be a certain evil; yet the presence of a child upon the throne with no one to direct him but statesmen of exceedingly doubtful fidelity to his dynasty and to the independence of the country is an evil hardly less. Yet it is improbable almost to the point of impossibility that either the Eastern causes of disturbances or the Western causes will be sufficient by themselves to bring about a disturbance of any kind; and in this fact lies, though it is a very uncomfortable comfort, the chief hope of prolonging peace. Such a purely Western disturbance as that of 1870, and such a purely Eastern disturbance as that of 1877, are now about equally unlikely, and the very magnitude and universality of the dangers involved constitute to some extent recognizances obliging each nation to keep the peace. Unluckily that which is most inclined to break it, and has also most to gain by doing so, has at the same time least to lose—an invulnerability which has sometimes prompted political paradoxers to wish that Russia might be allowed to attain some of her objects in order that by so doing she might multiply the points at

which some harm can be done her. This, however, is little more than jest. Speaking seriously, it cannot be said that the elements of possible danger are in any way less, or are any the less combustibly disposed, than they have been for some years. Indeed, there may even have been a distinct increase of temperature in the quarter noted above.

THE PARNELLITE PROTEST.

IT was no doubt unnecessary for the President of the Special Commission to remind Sir CHARLES RUSSELL and Mr. ASQUITH that, though their client was of course able to withdraw his retainer from them, he would "remain subject to the jurisdiction of the Court." The intimidation thus drily given at the close of Sir CHARLES RUSSELL's brief statement detracted considerably from the impressiveness of an incident which had been prepared and led up to with so much solemnity, and, as has been admitted, it could not have been necessary for the enlightenment of Mr. PARRELL's counsel; but we are far from regarding it as superfluous so far as the unthinking and incurious public is concerned. English Parnellite commentators who talk with ludicrous effrontery about the "collapse of the Com-mission" have outdone their Irish allies in the attempt to persuade people that Mr. PARRELL and his fellow-members have actually some sort of right to withdraw themselves morally, if not technically, from the jurisdiction of Sir JAMES HANNAN and his colleagues. But Mr. HEALY, whose speech at the National League meeting is well worth studying in connexion with this new phase of the case, is not far behind the *Daily News* in coolness of assumption and audacity of bounce. He observed at the meeting referred to that the "retirement of the Irish party from the proceedings of the Special Commission in London would give satisfaction to the Irish race at home and abroad." No doubt it might give great satisfaction to the Irish race at home and abroad if the Parnellites were in a position to "retire" from the proceedings of the Commission; but they are no more at liberty to do so than a prisoner at the bar is at liberty to retire from the trial, or (if they think that comparison prejudgets the issue) than the Commission itself is at liberty to withdraw from the inquiry in which it is engaged. All that the Irish party have done is to deprive themselves of expert assistance in laying their case, so far as it may be affected by subsequent evidence or advocacy, as favourably as may be before the Commission. They have not even stopped their own mouths, for it will be perfectly competent to each or all of them to represent their own interests in their own persons; but, even if they had parted with this right, they would not, and could not, have divested themselves of the liability of accepting and submitting to the judgment which they had foregone all the legitimate means of influencing.

This being so, and, in spite of the newspaper and platform swagger about "retirement," too obviously so, for anybody to miss, it may well have puzzled some ingenuous minds to explain to themselves the latest Parnellite move. Their difficulty has been probably increased by the consideration of the alleged ground on which the step has been taken. For even the most ingenuous mind must have been a little staggered by the pretext put forward for the revocation of Sir CHARLES RUSSELL's and Mr. ASQUITH's retainers; even innocence itself must have fit it to be just a little "thin." Certain of the charges and allegations preferred against Mr. PARRELL alone—for none of the other persons implicated therein are represented before the Commission—have shared the discredit attaching to the witness on whose testimony they mainly rested, and have been accordingly withdrawn by the accusers. So much the better for Mr. PARRELL, and, in so far as the simplification of their task is concerned, so much the better for the Commission. There, it might be thought, the incident should have dropped, at any rate until the time came for the Commission to deal with it in their report. But because Mr. PARRELL believes, or pretends to believe, that these charges were the deliberately fictitious manufacture of the Irish Loyal and Patriotic Union, and because, on the strength of that belief, or pretended belief, he is naturally desirous of overhauling the records of the I. L. P. U., he argues, or feigns to argue, that the Commissioners are bound to compel discovery of the matters about which he is curious, and makes their refusal to do so a reason for directing his counsel to return their briefs. This is a little too preposterous to succeed even with the

least legal of minds. The requirements, or the supposed requirements, of Mr. PARRELL's peculiar position, still less the feelings which he entertains, or professes to entertain, towards those whom he charges with having wilfully traduced him, cannot possibly be the measure of, or bear any relation to, the legitimate scope of an inquiry which a certain tribunal has been appointed by Parliament to institute into certain charges and allegations. Even if it were admitted, as it is very far from being, that Mr. PARRELL had reasonable cause to suspect the existence of a conspiracy to prefer false charges against him, the Commission would still have no power to compel the production of any other evidence than such as went directly to the truth or falsity of the charges in question. Mr. ASQUITH's argument to the effect that the identities, characters, motives, and past proceedings of the persons by whom the charges were in the first instance formulated have a bearing on their credibility, does not display its "ingenious" quality very strikingly to any one but a Gladstonian reporter. To us, indeed, its ingenuity appears to be of a rather dangerously double-edged kind. For, considering that the chief of the charges, if not the sole charge, in respect of the origin of which the Court was asked to order the production of the I. L. P. U.'s books was to the effect that Mr. PARRELL had dictated and signed certain notorious letters, the inference suggested by Mr. ASQUITH's contention is rather an awkward one for him. Are we to understand that the authenticity of the Picott letters, or any of them, is still an open question? We hardly expect an affirmative reply to this; but, if the question is no longer an open one, what becomes of Mr. ASQUITH's argument as to the relevance of the documentary evidence of which he has been pressing the Commission to order the production?

It is not improbable, however, that Mr. PARRELL is just as conscious of the hollowness of the pretext on which he revoked his instructions to counsel as are any of his critics. He has had to ride off on this transparently fictitious excuse, for the very excellent reason that no better "mount" was to be had. The Parnellite case was all but closed, and, if any sensational protest was to be made at all against the proceedings of the Commission, it had to be made at once. That this flimsy pretext should have been selected, therefore, does not surprise us in the least; nor, indeed, should we have been greatly surprised if it had been even flimsier still. The protest, we say, had to be made. The tactics which have created this necessity would have been plain enough without Mr. HEALY's obliging commentary; which, however, has now made their meaning absolutely unmistakable. Mr. HEALY has found it difficult for months past to restrain his feelings of disgust at the continued association of the Irish party ("association" is good) "with the proceedings of the Commission." He regards "the submission of the Irish leader to the jurisdiction and authority of that tribunal, a kind of tribunal of penance, to which they were bound to resort for full absolution, as one of the most lamentable incidents in the history of the present movement." We can quite understand the incident appearing lamentable to Mr. HEALY, and there is a good deal of truth in his comparison of the submission of the Parnellites to the tribunal as a form of "penance"—though there were other parties besides the penitents who were interested in the "absolution," and who, perhaps, as a matter of fact, insisted on the performance of the rite. What has happened, in short, has been this. Mr. PARRELL and his political associates were forced by their Gladstonian allies to appear and plead: with what results for themselves is a question which has yet to be decided, and which we have not the least desire to prejudge. But we surely do not go beyond the limits of fair comment on this latest move of the Parnellites in pointing out the inference which it obviously suggests, not as regards the result of the inquiry, which it would be improper to attempt to forecast, but as regards their own view of what this result is likely to be. For, if their withdrawal of their counsel does not mean "hedging," we are absolutely at a loss to assign it any meaning whatever. On the plainest and simplest construction of it, it seems to indicate that Mr. PARRELL and his party, after having duly appeared and pleaded, after having had the benefit of the services of the most eminent advocate in England, and after having had a daily opportunity of testing the scrupulous steadiness of hand with which the Commission hold the scales of justice, still consider it necessary to make provision against an adverse verdict by picking a quarrel with the tribunal on a ridiculously trivial question of procedure, and paving the way for

July 20, 1889.]

future declaration that they were unable to get fair play from their judges. They cannot expect any other inference than this to be drawn from their conduct, and they will have no sort of right either to surprise or resentment if it is. If Mr. HEALY and his friends felt sure of "absolution," as he calls it, they would not be in such a mighty hurry to get away from the confessional.

AN OUTBREAK OR AN OUTRAGE?

IT is, perhaps, something to have discovered an occasion when the Browning Society might have been of some use, and it is only in the nature of things that on this particular occasion the Browning Society was not at hand, thus justifying its master's lines about the too infrequent coincidence of time, place, and person. In a journal of less respectability than the *Athenaeum* the verses which appeared last Saturday, signed ROBERT BROWNING, and addressed to EDWARD FITZGERALD, would have read like a hoax; as it is, we most reluctantly suppose them genuine, and only regret that the Society did not in some way interfere to save its idol from a gross blunder. It seems that Mr. BROWNING had read in a private letter of Mr. FITZGERALD's to the late Master of Trinity the words "Mrs. BROWNING's death is rather a relief to me, I must say. "No more *Aurora Leighs*, thank God!" After which Mr. FITZGERALD acknowledged that "she was a woman of "real genius, I know," and finished with some general remarks as to women's mission which had been in different forms made before by ST. PAUL and other persons of sense. Upon this Mr. BROWNING thinks it well to write a douzain, informing the shade of the translator of OMAR KHAYYAM that "you thanked God my wife was dead" (which it will be observed Mr. FITZGERALD had not done), that there was no eye or ear acquaintance between the two (which might, it should seem, have shown Mr. BROWNING that there could be no personal reference), and then declaring, with somewhat posthumous valiancy, that "were yourself alive, "good FITZ" (Lord TENNYSON, MR. THACKERAY, and some others of his early intimates called Mr. FITZGERALD "FITZ," so Mr. BROWNING does so), he, Mr. BROWNING, would be puzzled to return him thanks. "Kicking you seems the "common lot of ours" (also, it may be noted, Mr. FITZGERALD might perhaps not have been easy to kick)—"While more "appropriate greeting lends you grace: Surely to spit there "glorifies your face, Spitting from lips once sanctified by "Hers."

Among reasonable admirers of Mr. BROWNING, with whom we are proud to rank ourselves, there can, we should suppose, be but one opinion as to the deplorable bad taste and folly, not to mention the remarkable English, of this tirade. Conjugal affection is one of the very best things in the world. But the conjugal affection which some thirty years after date goes out of its way to make the chance revelation of a colloquial sentiment expressed in confidence to a friend, and never intended for publication at all, the occasion for foaming at the mouth with vulgar threats of impossible chastisement, and for putting references to a dead wife's kisses in a context of kicking and spitting, is not a good thing at all. It is clear from Mr. BROWNING's own statement, as well as from Mr. FITZGERALD's words, that he had no personal knowledge of and was making no personal reference to Mrs. BROWNING; but was speaking of her in the capacity in which by her own act she had given any man a right to speak of her, that of a person who wrote and published books. Even so he calls her a "woman of genius," of "real genius." But he thought, which is a perfectly sound and defensible opinion, that women in literature "only do what men do better"; he evidently (in which some not incompetent critics agree with him) thought *Aurora Leigh* a very intolerable book, and he probably (again with the same assent) thought that Mrs. BROWNING's genius was alloyed with vast quantities of sentimental gush, bad verse, bad taste, and the like. To express which thoughts he used a phrase which is almost a stereotyped phrase in a private letter to a private friend. Will any one say that a man might not write "Mr. GLADSTONE's "death is a relief to me, I must say. No more Home Rule Bills, thank God!" without being considered guilty of a heartless insult to Mr. GLADSTONE's relatives? As for the mixture of brag and Billingsgate with which Mr. BROWNING retorts, his words themselves recall not the worst passage in old English literature. These words, to the author rather

than translator of one thing which Mr. BROWNING at his best has hardly outdone, to a man of letters and a gentleman like few, to the dear and faithful friend of the greatest Englishmen of his generation, are

As though a man should spit against the wind,
The filth returns in's face.

THE MOBILIZATION OF THE FLEET.

THE preparation for the Naval Manœuvres is in its way nearly as important an event for the navy as the passing of the Defence Bill. The measures which are being taken to prepare the ships for that inspection on the 3rd of August, which will not be a review, are up to a certain point a rehearsal of actual war, not less, but rather more, complete than the manœuvres to which they are the preliminary. The series of operations in which Admiral BAIRD will be allowed a chance of playing a return match for last year with Admiral TRYON are very good practice, no doubt, but with the best will in the world they must be a make-believe. But the mobilization is actually what it would be in war-time. The exertions which are being made to show the German EMPEROR on the 3rd of August a force not inferior in magnitude and efficiency to his own army would have to be repeated in every detail if the fleet were being made ready for more serious work. The value of the experiment—for, in spite of previous practice, it is still something of that kind—will, of course, depend on the thoroughness with which it is done; but it can hardly be done at all without giving officers and men, the Admiralty and the Dockyards, excellent training.

There are many things to be tested by the mobilization. In the first place, there is the mere size of the fleet. It is something to know that we can in a week, without straining the resources of the navy, add forty battle-ships and cruisers to the fleets in commission, provided, no doubt, that all is good that is upcome. If the ships are good and the engines sound, if the guns are ready and the ammunition is at hand for the guns, this force is enough to encourage the country out of one fear. As long as it is there and available there will be no sudden invasion of England—that much is certain. A fleet that can be manned, coaled, and provisioned in about a week will be ready long before any hundred thousand invaders are on board their transports within striking distance of this country. Of course everything depends on whether this can be done effectively for purposes of work, and not only approximately for purposes of show. This will to some extent be tested in the forthcoming manœuvres, and is of considerably greater importance than showy "raids" on watering-places. Of not less importance than the number and quality of the ships is the question whether men to handle and officers to command them are also ready. On that point there is great doubt, and the mobilization does not promise to dispel it. The Admiralty would have made a better experiment if, instead of calling almost exclusively on the bluejackets whom it already has in barracks and the Coastguard whom it has always at call, it had made an attempt to see how far it could rely on the men of the Naval Reserve. This course might the more profitably have been followed, not only for the instruction it would give the Admiralty and the Reserve men, but because these periods of service in the manœuvres are found to be somewhat of a grievance by the Coastguard, on whom they entail a loss of pay. As their value, their training, their readiness, are beyond dispute, it might be as well to spare them for the sake of trying a force which has never yet been tested. The trial at least remains to be made, and as these yearly mobilizations develop its turn should come. Another weak spot which will necessarily be tested, and we trust be honestly tested too, is the supply of stokers for the navy. It is notorious that we are badly supplied at present, and that the difficulty of recruiting is great. As the efficiency of a modern warship must needs depend largely on its machines, this is a very serious defect indeed, and one calling for prompt remedy quite as much as deficiencies in ships or guns. Neither ships, guns, nor engines are of more value than suits of armour on stakes set up on the sea-shore without trained men to use them. There is yet another part of the naval force which is known to be below its proper strength. The list of lieutenants is short, and, what is worse, these officers are discontented, and very reasonably discontented. In war-time the list would require to be increased by about

three hundred new officers, and where they are to come from nobody knows. Besides, the condition of officers in this rank is making parents daily less willing to send their sons into the service. Nine out of ten of them have little or no chance of ever reaching the rank of commander. Their certain fate is to be kept in the rank of lieutenant for eighteen years or so, to be then sent into the Coastguard, and retired in middle life on a pension equal to about half the pay of the manager of a branch bank in a small country town. Whether the Admiralty likes it or no, it will have to learn that this is not the kind of career which a parent in his senses will readily allow his son to follow. Moreover, a senior lieutenant in HER MAJESTY's service is a gentleman of not less education, or put in a less important place, than a head clerk in a Government office, and might, therefore, be as well paid. The difficulty of finding a remedy is not small, no doubt; but a remedy must be found, otherwise the Admiralty will one day learn that no candidates have presented themselves for the *Britannia*.

THE SALVATIONIST NUISANCE.

ON the value of the Salvation Army's services to the cause of true religion there are two opinions. There is the opinion which the Salvation Army has of itself, and there is the opinion which other people have of the Salvation Army. But no one acquainted with the subject disputes the proposition that the Army is a nuisance. Certainly the last person to deny such a statement would be Mr. BOOTH himself. He would say, if he were consistent with his previous utterances by speech and pen, that it was his duty to create a nuisance, since in no other way could he arrest the attention of the thoughtless, and disturb the conscience of the apathetic. It is true that there are some people more Salvationist than Mr. Booth or "RAILTON," who say that the Army is a quiet and well-conducted body of men, persecuted by local authorities because it is not of their way. But these gentlemen, such as Mr. HENRY FOWLER, and other highly respectable people of the same type, speak at their ease. They enunciate the principle of religious liberty, and they plead, quite superfluously, that Mr. Booth has a right to worship God after his own fashion. Of course he has, with trumpets, also, and shawms, so long as he does not make the lives of his neighbours a burden to them. It is all very well to argue, in the artificial stillness of the House of Commons, where there is no noise except what members choose to make themselves, that a band of pietists shall not be harassed because their proceedings seem vulgar to the refined and fanatical to the supercilious. But suppose a man's wife is ill, and a gang of Salvationists roar their blasphemous jargon immediately under her windows, accompanying their shouts upon that most discordant of all instruments, the harmonium. Suppose that, when requested to be quiet or go away, and when told the reason, they rudely decline, and continue their performances. Such has been the hard fate of Mr. BENNETT, a resident of Dalston, who attended before Mr. BROS at the Dalston Police Court this week. Mr. BENNETT, who seems to be a man of forbearing and obliging disposition, said that he had allowed these things to be done for eighteen months without a murmur, and that, so far as he was concerned, they might have been done for ever. But when his wife fell sick, he felt bound to intervene, with the result, or want of it, which we have already indicated. What does a rampant bawler from Gospel barracks, or a strapping Hallelujah lass, care for the miseries either inflicts on racking heads and shattered nerves?

Mr. BROS gave Mr. and Mrs. BENNETT what relief he could. That is to say, he issued summonses against the Salvationists for using a noisy instrument to collect a crowd. The harmonium is not the only weapon employed, although it may be the noisiest and the worst. There are also cornets, and of course there are drums. Neither drummers, cornet-players, nor performers upon the harmonium, recognize the authority of the secular Courts. When one drummer is convicted, another drummer takes his place, and bangs rather more loudly than his predecessor. While, however, the Salvationists do not hesitate to proclaim that the ordinary tribunals are not good enough for them, and that a Divine command is laid upon them to make themselves as disagreeable as possible, they are not exempt from the human and not very amiable frailties of spite and revenge.

MR. JOHN PHILLIPS, who acted as spokesman of the inhabitants before Mr. BROS on Tuesday, summed up his woes and those of his neighbours in the following plaintive language. "We are in a state," said this worthy man, "we are in a state of—I don't know what to call it—perturbation. Ever since the summonses were heard crowds of people have assembled, and we have been threatened that our windows will be broken if we go on with these proceedings." Mr. BROS will, it may be hoped, persevere in the course upon which he has entered, and which it is his duty to pursue. He has granted a summons against the new drummer, and cheerfully promised others against "other members of the same band as their offences arise." Their offence is rank, it smells to Heaven. For the performances in the Salvationist halls, ribald mummery as they seem to most decent Christians, some excuse may be made. Those who are not so unfortunate as to live in immediate proximity to Pandemonium may avoid this unlovely display. Even the processions through the streets, mischievous and tiresome as they are, only add one more to the difficulties of peregrination and the inconveniences of life. But the deliberate torture of the sick, whether in hospitals or private houses, is so horribly cruel that we can hardly understand how an organization which tolerates such atrocities is itself tolerated by the public.

ELECTIONS AND ELECTIONEERING.

THE present week has been one of some interest in the matter of elections. Separatists of a militant temper have hardly yet done groaning over the unopposed return of the Private Secretary of the Abominable at Dover; the middle of the week was occupied by Mr. WILLIAMS-DRUMMOND's gallant and most well-advised, though for the moment hopeless, fight in Carmarthenshire; and by the time that these words are read the result of the Marylebone election, unknown at the time we write, will have been published. These constituencies make a trio fairly representative of the three classes—small urban, large urban, and county—into which, with a few isolated exceptions, the whole electorate is now divided; and, unless something very strange happens in Marylebone, they will all have supplied evidence of the falsity of Home Rule pretensions. It is, indeed, unlikely that Mr. BOULNOIS will be able in the most favourable event to muster the thumping majority which seated Lord CHARLES BERESFORD. Though an excellent candidate in his way, Mr. BOULNOIS has not the universal popularity and the multifarious "agreements" of the sometime commander of the *Condor* and the Nile gunboats, while Mr. GEORGE LEVESON-GOWER is a much stronger candidate than Professor BEESLY. Nobody could deny that that denouncer of the wicked literary men who belied pure patriots like CLODIUS and CATILINE, sovereigns of blameless life like TIBERIUS, was, with all his crotchetts, a man of very considerable ability; but it was ability of a kind not in the least likely to ingratiate itself with such a constituency. Mr. LEVESON-GOWER, on the other hand, has almost every quality suited to charm the Gladstonian mind. He is one of those young men who, having no political opinions of their own, nor perhaps either ability or desire to arrive at any, and seeing that Mr. GLADSTONE seemed to be "well set in" some years ago, discovered that they were Gladstonians, and who, by the very force of their previous political vacuity, have been fortunately able to stow away all Mr. GLADSTONE's new doctrines since, and probably have room for more. If he is not a lord, he is near of kin to several lords, and that is with Radicals a very great thing when it comes to individuals, however dreadful the House of Lords may be to them in its collective capacity. Mr. LEVESON-GOWER has promised nearly everything that was asked of him, is duly authenticated by a voucher from Mr. GLADSTONE, has a tolerable trick of speaking, and, in short, is very well fitted for his part. The only thing to be said against the "generous youthful politicians of the Eighty Club," as an enthusiastic print described them the other day, is that they are rather too much alike. A little more brains may in this specimen correct the absence of blood; a little more blood in that specimen may correct the absence of brains. But, as a rule, they are all nicely educated, all prepared to promise anything that is asked of them, all decently expert in the more facile arts of the debating society, all ready to swear by Mr. GLADSTONE, and to turn the Empire and the

Constitution topsy-turvy to his or anybody else's order. They might be distinguished by numbers, like torpedo-boats, if it were not that their names, as in the present case, sometimes constitute their principal claim to the confidence of the independent elector.

The contest in Carmarthenshire was more interesting to the political student, because it was a genuine contest between two fit and proper persons of local claims; but its interest was somewhat lessened by its foregone conclusion. We do not in the least despair of carrying Welsh seats in numbers when more light has been let into the dark places of the Principality, at present illuminated only by the very murky torches of the great Mr. GER and his likes. One main reason of the fury with which Gladstonians regard the recent progress of the Welsh Church, and of their zeal for its destruction, is fear of this very enlightenment. But for the present there is little for the Welsh Tories to do but to hold such vantage points as they can keep, like PELAYO (whose real name was no doubt MORGAN, as in his heretical namesake's case) in the Asturias, and harry the infidels as well as they may till the tyranny is overpast. Mr. WILLIAMS-DRUMMOND has done this very well, making a large reduction in the late Mr. POWELL's majority. The electoral war is the happier in that here the privilege of fighting another day can be secured without any necessity of flight. But such contests are only cheerful spectacles for the expert in politics. Lord SALISBURY's remarks at the Beaumont Hall on Tuesday have reference to another series of contests, of which Marylebone itself is one. As Lord SALISBURY might have said, Wales itself is not at the present moment anything like so apparently hopeless a subject for Tory warfare as London was for years after the first Reform Bill. The present preponderance, not merely of Unionist but of Tory members, is due in part, no doubt, to the new franchises, which have swamped the narrow Liberalism of the average small shopkeeper of the last generation, but much more to bold and steady work, for which there is as much room now in Wales as there was then in London. And it has also to be remembered that the same process which won London can lose it if its working is transferred to the other side. The County Council elections, in which what is beyond all doubt and to demonstration a minority, and a comparatively small minority, actually succeeded in obtaining a majority, and a large majority, of seats, gave an awkward reminder of the impossibility of ever sitting still in politics. Lord SALISBURY, of course, set before his audience how great the danger of such sitting still is, and every one who has studied the details of political history knows this. Even London, satisfactory as is the Tory and Unionist majority, gives plenty of room not merely for defensive but for offensive work. The blunders which lost Kennington must be avoided; but there are many metropolitan seats which are in the hands of Radicals, and which should be wrenched from them. A very slight effort, for instance, would displace Sir CHARLES RUSSELL and Mr. ROWLANDS, Professor STUART and Mr. LAWSON, with not a few others. Indeed, so fortunately mixed are the component parts of the London boroughs that there can hardly be said to be one which might not be, and ought not to be, represented by a Tory.

This kind of address (it is understood that Lord SALISBURY's was the first of a series) is something of a novelty, but it is novelty well imagined, and likely to do good. Why it should give electors any particular pleasure to hear such addresses addressed, as it were, personally to them, is easier to understand than to explain. The average man of a certain station and education is neither flattered if the PRIME MINISTER mounts the platform for him nor annoyed if the PRIME MINISTER does not. He would probably, in any case, much rather read the speech comfortably in five minutes during his breakfast than listen to it uncomfortably for an hour after his dinner; and, if he has a kind heart, he would probably prefer that the PRIME MINISTER himself should enjoy a similar indulgence, by being permitted to print instead of deliver. But the majority of the new electors seem to take such speeches as personal compliments, and to derive a mysterious, but considerable, delectation therefrom. They are certain to get them from the wrong side if they do not get them from the right, and therefore it is desirable that the right should bestir itself. Lord SALISBURY's sketch of present affairs at home and abroad naturally contained nothing very novel. But in such cases the reverse of the hackneyed Horatian maxim seems to be true, and things that have been read by the eyes *segnissi irritant* than things which the faithful ears drink in from the actual lips of a statesman. On one subject—the sugar

bounties—Lord SALISBURY was speaking to persons very nearly concerned. His language was duly guarded, but the workmen of the East of London will do well to understand that a measure which would have done them much good, and on which not a few of their hearts were set, has been wrecked much less by the opposition of France than by the arts of faction. And whether they are political economists or not, they can also have little difficulty in appreciating the real nature of the assertion that the price of sugar has risen because the state of things which the Government tried to remove is now assured of continuance for at least another year.

THE MOGUL COMPANY.

THE decision of the Court of Appeal may not be the last which will be given on the case of the Mogul Steamship Company. So much is at stake, there are so many interests concerned, that every effort will be made to take the case to the House of Lords. It is only right that the opinion of the highest authority should be obtained on a question of such importance, and the Mogul Steamship Company will be doing a service if they fight their battle to the end. In the meantime, however, three judges out of four have decided that the course taken by the combination of steamship Companies which drove the Mogul Company from the China trade was not illegal. This proportion may, perhaps, indicate what the end of the conflict may be expected to be. In any case, it has a value of its own. We have heard at times that in this country the power exercised by American Trusts would never be tolerated. Unless, however, Lord ESHER is in the right, while his colleagues and Lord COLERIDGE are in the wrong, it is hard to see what there is that an American Trust does which an English Trust could not do. As things are now going in business, this is a fact which it is well to note and estimate.

The history of the dispute is simple enough. The P. and O., Glen, and Ocean Steamship Companies trading to China found it advisable to make an arrangement by which cut-throat competition could be avoided. They so arranged their business that they did not get into one another's way, and could keep the freights up. The Mogul Steamship Company desired to enter into this fellowship; but the three allied Companies were of opinion that there was no more business to be done at Shanghai and Hankow than they could comfortably manage, and refused to accept a new partner. The Mogul Company then decided to compete against them. Upon this the allies began what is known in America as a rate war. They not only took cargoes at a freight which entailed a heavy loss, but they offered inducements to shippers not to employ vessels of rival Companies. A rebate was promised to customers who dealt with them exclusively, and refused to all who freighted their competitors' ships—unless there happened to be none of their own in port at the time, or none which had space to take more cargo. The result of this was, and could only be, to crush competition, since shippers could not neglect their own interests, and other Companies could not keep vessels lying at Hankow and Shanghai in the hope of securing the crumbs which fell from the table of the "Conference." This is what the Mogul Company has endeavoured to impeach as a conspiracy to limit the freedom of trade, and what Lord COLERIDGE, Lord Justice BOWEN, and Lord Justice FRY have declared to be only a permissible form of competition. They may seem to have come to a somewhat harsh decision; but those who look at it without prejudice will probably conclude that it is supported by very solid reasons. It is unpleasant for a shipowner to be told that, if he endeavours to share in the profits of a particular trade, his rivals may combine to ruin him; for this is what the judges have told him. But the unpleasantness is inevitable. After all, trade, from its very nature, is the effort of one man or combination of men to undersell others. The right to undersell is only limited by the obligation not to do so by violent or dishonest means, and the obligation imposed by the facts of the case not to make the effort in such a way as to ruin yourself. The Mogul Company does not deny that any of its three enemies could have fairly done the things it complains of. The combination is what constitutes the grievance. But, as Lord Justice BOWEN said, no one can imagine a regulation which would prevent such a combination as this which would not also put restrictions on trade in general. In truth, as the Americans are finding

out, the difficulty of dealing with the Trusts is precisely this. Nobody has yet invented a regulation which will stop them, and will yet leave capital free from destructive restrictions. Competition is the one defence against them. In fights which are carried on with money those who have a great deal must needs have an advantage over those who have less. The one check on the capitalist is the danger that, if he abuses his power in order to extort extravagant prices, he will provoke a competition by which he will suffer. But, if the check is to work effectually, trade must be left free. Protective duties, and laws against badgering, forestalling, and regrating, are alike restrictions which, by keeping down competition, do more to strengthen the hands of the capitalist than they do to limit him. We are afraid that the Mogul Steamship Company must find what consolation they can in this for the results of their unlucky fight with the "Conference" in China.

THE GOODNESS OF DR. BARNARDO.

A MUCH greater personage than Dr. BARNARDO was once described as a good man in the worst sense of that term. We have not the statistical patience to calculate how often in the course of his somewhat discursive judgment the MASTER of the ROLLS called Dr. BARNARDO a good, or a very good, man. Mrs. BROWNING's pious aspiration that the good God might pardon all good men is scarcely less relevant to the case before the Court than these gratuitous tributes to the virtue of a contumacious defendant. It might as well be said that because Lord ESHER is a very clever man he cannot make mistakes, whereas everybody knows that he does make them, and that not unfrequently. Dr. BARNARDO's motives, which we have no desire to impugn, are beyond the scrutiny even of Lord ESHER. If fussy benevolence can be pleaded as an apology, not only for defying the law, but for interfering with other people's children, we may as well close the Courts and abandon the idea of the family. Dr. BARNARDO, having now been pronounced in contempt by two properly constituted tribunals, will perhaps see the necessity of producing the child whom he deliberately sent out of the Court's jurisdiction, with the effect, if not with the intention, of evading legal process. His "motives," though they operated so strongly upon the impressionable mind of Lord ESHER, are fortunately immaterial. We say "fortunately," because, if they had to be determined, there would be no data upon which to determine them. A man may always say, through himself or his counsel, that in whatever he does he aims at the regeneration of society or the improvement of the race. Laws are in their nature general, and we are not yet living under the moral dictatorship of Dr. BARNARDO. A gentleman who keeps a Home, and spells it with a capital H, is not entitled by the law of England to break up homes for which a small "h" suffices. Now it is quite true that Dr. BARNARDO did not forcibly enter the house of MARY ANNE TYE's parents for the purpose of taking MARY ANNE away with him. Mrs. TYE did at one time agree that the child should be kept under Dr. BARNARDO's superintendence, and ultimately sent to the colonies. But before MARY ANNE left England the mother asked to have her back again, and Dr. BARNARDO had no right to refuse. It seems more than doubtful whether she was not exceeding her powers when she made the agreement. But, at all events, she could revoke whatever authority she could give, and Dr. BARNARDO was guilty of intolerable presumption in depriving her of the custody of her own daughter.

Dr. BARNARDO's counsel could not, of course, argue, even before the MASTER of the ROLLS, that Dr. BARNARDO, being a good man, might do exactly what he pleased. Their point, such as it is, was that, having sent the child away before the order of *habeas corpus* was issued, and being, therefore, unable to comply with the order, he had not committed contempt of court. But this contention has failed, as it deserved to fail. Dr. BARNARDO handed the girl over to the care of Mme. RAUMONT (or ROMANDE), whom Lord ESHER declares, in his effusive style and limited vocabulary, to be "as good a lady as Dr. BARNARDO is a good man." However good a lady Mme. RAUMONT may be, she is not the mother of MARY ANNE TYE, and has no more right to take her from her parents than if she were the worst woman alive. When Lord MEATH has succeeded in engraving the principle of adoption upon the English law it will be different. Mme. RAUMONT may then

become a sort of Public Guardian, on the analogy of Lord HERSCHELL's Public Trustee. But at present she cannot be allowed to say, "I am a good lady, you are a bad woman; hand me over your child." The worst part of this case is the utterly reckless manner in which Dr. BARNARDO made charges against the girl's parents. These charges have now been most ungraciously withdrawn, not without strong pressure from the Bench. But Dr. BARNARDO had no excuse for making or for believing them. He said that the child's mother was living in adultery, whereas she is lawfully married to a second husband; that MARY ANNE was sent into the streets to beg, of which there is no evidence whatever; and that her stepfather had endeavoured to corrupt her, for which shameful imputation no ground has been alleged. These poor people may be in a humble position of life. But character is quite as important to them as to Dr. BARNARDO or Mme. RAUMONT, and philanthropy is a poor excuse for slander. Dr. BARNARDO's imprudence, to use no harsher word, will certainly not serve the cause which he professes to have at heart. Men and women who require no testimonial from Lord ESHER, but who make the world brighter by their presence, are engaged in helping and teaching and preparing for the struggles of life children who are real outcasts from society, and have no other friends on earth. The labours of these excellent persons are only too likely to be thwarted and hindered by conduct which, however well intentioned, excites the zealous and not unreasonable disgust of the most independent class in the community.

THE CASE AGAINST THE GENERAL.

THE Procureur-General's case against General BOULANGER is much such a document as those who remember his demand for leave to prosecute, and have taken due note of the long delay in the proceedings against the pretender, must have expected. It is wordy, abusive, and for the most part singularly vague. The one really precise charge it brings—a charge of peculation—makes the rest of it superfluous. If there is, indeed, any evidence to support the accusation that the General has taken bribes and pocketed public money, there is no reason why M. QUESNAY DE BEAUREPAIRE should have been laboriously engaged for months in working up a case against him on the charge of treason. To English ideas, at least, there seems to be a certain indecency in the line the Procureur-General has taken. He is supposed to be stating to the Senate the grounds on which he will accuse the General of treason; but the most effective part of what they would call in Scotland his libel is taken up with charges which he acknowledges must be brought before another Court, and are only given here for information. The rest of the document is devoted to a repetition of the well-known facts that General BOULANGER is very ambitious, very pushing, very anxious to become popular, and not at all scrupulous as to the decency of the means he uses to attain his ends. All that is true; but it does not amount to treason. M. QUESNAY DE BEAUREPAIRE is, indeed, certain that there is treason; but, unless he has evidence in his hand which he has reserved, his proofs only amount to the assertion that no man could possibly be so vulgar, so pushing, so impudent as the General is without being a traitor. The declamatory, abusive style of the indictment, the round assertion against M. ROCHEFORT, and the spiteful personalities about Count DILLON are not so strange in French legal proceedings as they would be in English; but even in France when a Public Prosecutor has a definite charge to make he can make it. If M. QUESNAY DE BEAUREPAIRE is vague on the charge of treason, it must be because he cannot be precise; if he gives his own deductions from perfectly well-known facts as proofs of a criminal design, it must be because he has nothing better to give. This at least is what Boulangists, and many who are not Boulangists, are saying already. Considering how entirely the Requisitoire is an amplification of M. QUESNAY DE BEAUREPAIRE's former slashing leader, and remembering why the last Procureur-General retired from office, it is not very rash to conclude that it will be the final judgment passed on the whole of the proceedings taken before the Senate.

The charge of fraud looks more serious. The General is accused of doing a definite thing, in a specified place, on a given date, in a particular manner. It is a good charge as far as it goes—so good that one wonders it has not been before the Court a long time ago. If anything could ruin the General a proved charge of fraud would. Then why

not make it in the regular way early?—for, after all, this matter of the coffee-tablets, the debts of BOULANGER *père*, the mistress who had been six months in prison, and the twenty-centime commission on the epaulettes, cannot have been discovered only yesterday. The General has declared that he will face a jury. With the splendid case M. QUESNAY DE BEAUREPAIRE describes it would be perfectly safe to suspend the proceedings before the Senate, and put the General in the dilemma of either keeping his word or allowing this ruinous charge to go against him by default. By not taking this course the Government not only seem to be supplying the General with a good excuse for staying away, but they show a decided want of confidence in the strength of their case. The document is, in truth, much too full of the futile cleverness which has distinguished most of the proceedings of the present French Ministry. It is supposed that M. TIRARD and his colleagues wished to keep a tribunal ready in which the General could be tried by political opponents, who would condemn him on the ground that he is a discreditable popular nuisance, while they would also supply themselves with an excuse for demanding his extradition from the English Government. This scheme must be accepted with some reserve, because we can hardly suppose that the French Ministry are so ignorant as not to know that the English Government would not grant the extradition without previously obtaining a guarantee that the General would not be tried before a special tribunal on a political charge. In that case a verdict of guilty would make the laborious proceedings before the Senate futile. An acquittal, which would be much the more probable result, would be a worse blow to the Parliamentary Republicans than the election for Paris itself. It is probable that the TIRARD Ministry are innocent of the foolish calculation attributed to them. They are only going on the general rule that you are more likely to hit with two barrels than one. There is some force in this consideration; but then, even with two barrels, you must see that your weapon is properly loaded and well aimed. We have no great confidence either in the loading or the pointing of M. QUESNAY DE BEAUREPAIRE's fowling-piece.

may so call it, within the ranks of the Gladstonian party, and the relation of its various sections to each other on questions of general politics, was of a singularly telling kind. His remark that "our opponents are ceasing even to be Gladstonians" was the epigrammatic expression of a fact which the public, indeed, are not likely to have overlooked altogether, but which they have hardly yet appreciated, we suspect, in all its bearings. The recent relaxation of the bonds of discipline within the Gladstonian ranks is eloquent of something more than mere impatience and unruliness among Mr. GLADSTONE's more advanced followers. It is, in fact, a disclosure of what has been, from the first, the true nature of the compact between the revolutionary section of the Radicals and their leader. No one who knows these politicians and their purposes can have supposed that their adhesion to Mr. GLADSTONE's Irish policy was inspired by pure enthusiasm, either for the cause or for its distinguished advocate. No doubt they had a certain sympathy with Parnellism as representing the glorious principles of disorder and resistance to constituted authorities; but there is nothing, and there never has been anything, in their record to lead to the belief that they have ever had any special sympathy with Irish Nationalist aspirations. At any rate, we may say, with much confidence, that there are many other "causes" in which the English Radical is far more deeply interested, and which were much nearer to his heart and much more often in his mind at the time when he consented to swallow Mr. GLADSTONE's Home Rule policy whole. His "business" reasons for performing this operation in 1886 were simple enough. He and his fellow-Radicals were willing to give Mr. GLADSTONE the, at that moment, invaluable support of their votes, in consideration of his giving their own fads the benefit of his name and reputation, his oratorical and Parliamentary abilities, and the "glamour" which he was then still supposed capable of exerting over the masses. They are now beginning to insist on their own share in the advantages of the contract, and to demand their leader's performance of his own part in it, and the situation is becoming interesting accordingly.

TWO UNIONIST SPEECHES.

THE two speeches delivered last Wednesday by Lord HARTINGTON at a house dinner of the City Liberal Club, and by Mr. GOSCHEN as the guest of the National Union of Conservative and Constitutional Associations, very neatly and appositely supplement each other. Lord HARTINGTON discussed the various shadowy and shifting schemes of Gladstonian Home Rule; while the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER examined the internal condition of the party which has sacrificed to the phantasms aforesaid whatever reputation for consistency and independence, whatever firmness of purpose and unity of will, it once possessed. The particular line taken by the speaker at the Liberal gathering was the extremely effective one, which we are glad to observe that Unionists are now more and more frequently adopting—that of pinning Mr. GLADSTONE to the only definite modification of his Home Rule scheme to which he has ever given an assent, which he cannot wriggle out of, and quietly exposing the monstrous consequences to which it leads. For Unionist purposes it is practically enough to know, not all the cards in the Old Parliamentary hand, but the one card which he has been unwillingly forced to play. And we know now that, whatever may be the other features of the next Separation scheme that Mr. GLADSTONE may produce, it will, at any rate, provide for the representation of Ireland in the Imperial Parliament. Lord HARTINGTON has already done good work in fixing public attention on the startling political corollaries of this admission; and he exhibited them with an even more fatal clearness and cogency the other night. Unionist speakers could not, in our opinion, be better employed. The argument is one which, judiciously handled, can be brought home to minds which remain unimpressed by reasoning from "first principles." People who cannot be easily convinced of the fundamental unsoundness and essentially mischievous tendencies of legislative separation can be brought without much difficulty to comprehend the enormous practical inconveniences and absurdities to which it would lead.

Mr. GOSCHEN's review of the domestic situation, if we

WRANGLING WORKERS.

THE Workers' Congress, or Congresses—for there are more than one—have met in Paris, and have begun by a bout of squabbling as a preliminary to talk. The question to be settled is who represents the workers. Two bodies of candidates are in the field—the representatives who have been elected and the representatives who have elected themselves. They cannot agree. The first, inspired by the eloquence of Mrs. ANNIE BESANT, and directed by the wisdom of Mr. FENWICK, M.P., are ready for co-operation on reasonable terms. They have their domestic difficulties, not to be overcome without strenuous efforts. Among the French delegates there is one who is a rabid Boulangist, for Boulangism intrudes even here. To him other French delegates have vehemently objected. Mr. FENWICK, M.P., had great difficulty in persuading the other delegates not to pass a vote of censure on the Society which had sent this black sheep. At last the workers were prevailed upon to agree that their Congress had no call to wander into politics. Even a majority of the French delegates saw that at last, after they had received help from the foreigners, who, presumably, care very little whether the brave General proves ultimately to be the uppermost snake or not. By the efforts of Mr. FENWICK and the foreign delegates, the Congress was saved from undergoing in its very infancy the sad fate which befell the Spanish International. This body, as a delegate from the Peninsula explained, came to an untimely end because the members would persist in wrangling over speculative questions—a not uncommon weakness among workers when they leave their last and take to the stump. For the present one Congress is safe, and can devote itself to voting that it ought to have the moon. It can decide unanimously that no worker should work for more than eight hours, or before sixteen years of age, or should be expected to take less pay for shorter hours.

On the great question who is to speak for the workers there has not been the same agreement. Unluckily, a Marxist opposition has been started to the genuine meeting of delegates—this is their description of themselves. Possibly the Marxist may have another name for them. Whether or no, the Congress which is named or nicknamed

after the author of that portentous work *Das Kapital* will not agree to the terms of the other Congress. And yet they seem moderate enough. The workers—who include the laborious Mr. FENWICK, M.P.; Mrs. ANNIE BESANT; Mr. BROWN, of the American Knights of Labour, who has left his forge, or other place of toil, to cross the Atlantic; Danes, Spaniards, Russians, Prussians, Poles out of Poland, and others who have escaped from slavery to the capitalist to freedom in Paris—made a modest request. It was that the Marxist friends of the worker would be good enough to show some evidence that they were chosen by workers. It was no more than they were prepared to do themselves, as they had shown by spending hours in the examination of their credentials. The Marxists refused to obtemperate to any such demand. So there was no coalition, and the two Congresses will go on separated by the abyss. Far be it from us to decide on the points at issue between these respectable authorities. We do not even know what is the definition of a worker as the word is understood by Congresses. It can hardly include those who do not work with edged tools, spades, or hammers. On the other hand, if it is confined to those who live by weekly wages earned by the toil of their hands, how is it that so many of them are found in possession of the means and leisure to run to Congresses all over Europe? There are a good many persons whom we fear Mr. FENWICK, M.P., would scorn to count as workers, who would find it difficult to leave their avocations to dance attendance at miscellaneous talkee-talkees in foreign capitals. If we may venture to express an opinion, however, it would be that the Marxist Congress was perfectly right in refusing to hear of verification of mandates. It would lead to most absurd results if the representatives of workers were called upon to show that they had ever done a day's work other than writing or speaking in their lives, or to prove that they were expressly chosen by workers. The more shining lights of the order are either honestly convinced faddists with a pill for producing beneficent earthquakes, or shrewd persons who make a business of being delegated. KARL MARX was a specimen of the first, and if we were put to it we should have no difficulty in finding specimens of the second class. If they are subjected to a verification of powers, which of the honourable body of Socialistic reformers will be safe? Therefore they are right in refusing to listen to any such demand, and to go on representing the working class by natural right. Perhaps their day is a little on the wane, and they will not be heard of as they have been; but they would not prolong it by submitting to the demands of Mr. FENWICK, M.P., nor yet Mrs. ANNIE BESANT.

THE RECOVERY OF TITHES.

IT may certainly be said of Ministerial Bills that the larger is as much the enemy of the smaller as the better, according to the French proverb, is of the good. A Government which has been rash enough to promise a "comprehensive measure" for the settlement of any question always finds it exceptionally difficult to carry any less important Bill relating to the same subject. It matters not whether the two relate to wholly distinct branches of the question, whether one deals with points which find no place in the other, whether the passing of the smaller will simplify the enactment of the latter, whether the object of the former is one which presses, while that of the latter will keep indefinitely. The Government who take the course in question find themselves opposed by three forces—a force of faction, a force of pedantry, and a force of hypocrisy. One class of opponents oppose the smaller measure nominally because it is not the larger one, but really because they do not want any legislation at all on the subject. A second, honestly foolish, oppose it because they really believe that there is some occult wisdom or virtue in insisting that perfectly easily separable parts of a subject shall not be separated. And a third class oppose the smaller measure on the same pretext as the first class, not because they do or do not want any legislation at all on the subject, but because they wish to sit on the fence between those who do not and those who do.

There has seldom been a more perfect illustration of the *trinoda necessitas* which confronts Ministerial legislators in the matter than was furnished by the debate of last Thursday night on the second reading of the Tithe Rent

Charge Recovery Bill. Of course the three classes of opponents to it were, as is always the case, most unequally divided. We have no doubt that there was a certain amount of genuinely wrong-headed objection—such, for instance, as avowed by Major RASCH—to proceeding with this Bill at all except under a distinct pledge from the Government that they would proceed forthwith to introduce their larger measure; but the bulk of the opposition comes from politicians of the type, on the one hand, of Mr. DILLWYN and Mr. THOMAS ELLIS (not the Mr. ELLIS who is drawing up a proscription-list of Irish resident magistrates—that is Mr. JOHN ELLIS), and, on the other hand, of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and Mr. HENRY FOWLER. The Tithe Rent Charge Recovery Bill has nothing to say, as its name implies, to anything but the question of the mode in which the tithe-owner is to recover his dues from the tithe-payer. Instead of proceeding by the cumbrous and unpopular mode of distress, he would be empowered under the Bill to proceed for his tithe as for an ordinary debt in the County Court. No question is raised as to the amount of the tithes, as to the incidence of the tithes, as to the proper person to receive the tithes, or as to the application of them when received. The Bill simply says that the person or persons entitled to receive them, whoever they may be, shall henceforth be able to recover them in this way, and not in that way, from the persons liable to pay them. As Mr. MATTHEWS pointed out, the Bill might be accepted with equally good reason by persons the most violently opposed to each other on the whole question of tithe-owning and tithe-paying considered at large. Nobody denies that tithe is a charge upon the land, and that it must and ought to continue to be payable by somebody to somebody, for application to some purpose or other; and, since nobody denies this, nobody can deny that the introduction of a "good, safe, and rational mode of 'collecting the tithes'" would, in any conceivable set of future circumstances, be a change for the better. And, since this also is undeniable, it might seem difficult, if not for Mr. DILLWYN and Mr. THOMAS ELLIS, who would almost admit that, for purposes of their own, they would rather not see a "good, safe, and rational mode" of tithe-collecting introduced, at any rate for Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, to oppose the present Bill, on the ground that a larger one had been promised. Yet Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT was equal to the feat—a feat equivalent to arguing that it is "piece-meal" procedure on the part of a builder to put doors in a house until he knows the name of the person who will ultimately occupy it. Sir WILLIAM, whose tender recollection of Nun-Appleton and Bolton-cum-Percy, and the ancestral "spade-husbandry allotments," forbid him from desiring, or at any rate admitting a desire, to keep alive a quarrel which is tending to the injury of the Church of England, had, of course, to rely solely upon the contention that the Government were not justified in dealing with the process of tithe-recovery, unless and until they dealt with the tithe-question as a whole. And a mighty elegant thing in contention he made of it; as any one who reads his speech will see.

THE WHITECHAPEL MURDER.

THE murder committed on Tuesday night at Whitechapel has the main distinctive features of the series of similar crimes which occurred a year ago. It was in the same neighbourhood; the victim was a street-walker, her throat was cut, and her body to some extent mutilated; the crime was discovered apparently immediately after its commission; the murderer got clear away, and there is, at the moment of writing, no particular reason to suppose that he has been caught. It is, therefore, considered to be proved that the "fiend or maniac" who is assumed to have committed all the previous murders also committed this one, and that may possibly be the case. The fact is that we know nothing except that eight women have been murdered in a year and a half under closely similar circumstances, and those circumstances are of the most brutal and horrible kind.

It must be depressing to persons suffering from exaggerated enthusiasm of humanity to observe the unquestionably prevailing disposition to take Whitechapel murders as a matter of course. There has been some attempt in the daily press to puff the most recent crime into importance; but this seems to be largely due to the fact that the newspapers just now are exceedingly dull. The SHAH is all very well to stare at, but does not supply

July 20, 1889.]

The Saturday Review.

65

exciting reading. Nobody neglects the ordinary business of life in order to talk about the Earl of FIFE. The formal throwing up of the sponge by Mr. PARNELL had been a good deal discounted by his evidence and that of his followers, even if the greater part of the public had not long ago made up its mind as to the merits of the whole proceeding. The pacific condition of the House of Commons is not an isolated phenomenon, but rather an index of the general state of mind, which is one of reasonable content with the existing state of affairs at large. Even so the last murder is not much talked of or thought about. There is not really anything surprising in this. The only element of interest in the Whitechapel murders is the question how the murderer or murderers manage to escape, although he or they must go so near to running great risk of detection. Where a murder is committed, and the murderer escapes in the ordinary way, the problem of discovering the criminal derives most of its interest from the assumption that he was actuated by one or more of the ordinary motives—avarice, revenge, lust, or one of the primary human passions—and that it is mainly through the consideration of these that the guilt must be brought home to the guilty person. In the Whitechapel murders it is pretty clear that no motive has been at work except a disgusting, and happily rare, desire of miscellaneous butchery. There is no reason whatever to suppose that in any of these cases the murderer had any personal ill-will against, or indeed any personal knowledge of, his unfortunate victim. In every case any other woman would have answered his purpose equally well. This makes these murders uninteresting to the student of crime from the romantic point of view—that is, from the point of view of the commentator who studies it for the light it throws upon human nature generally. Again, it follows from the very nature of these crimes that the victims attract as little sympathy as is possible. They have been, without exception, unfortunate and lonely, if not almost friendless, persons. If they had all been mothers of families, or each the centre of a circle of friends and acquaintances, the indignation aroused by their butchery would have been far less abstract and far deeper and more widely spread. This circumstance, too, goes a long way towards explaining the single mystery about the commission of the crimes. The victims put themselves voluntarily at the mercy of the murderer, and unconsciously assist him in avoiding the danger of detection. A very moderate degree of manual skill is all that he requires to enable him to do his work in secrecy and with despatch. It is therefore natural, though not particularly gratifying, that these crimes should fail to arouse any genuine public interest, except in the immediate neighbourhood in which they are perpetrated.

The one observation which can profitably be made upon them is this—that, though it is easy for the murderer in any given instance to escape, it is practically certain that, either now or in future—if there should unhappily be further recurrences of the same sort of crime—he will do something that ought to lead to his detection. It is, therefore, the duty of the police, and of everybody who may in any way be mixed up in the matter, to use every effort that energy can compass or ingenuity suggest for the solution of the mystery. It is worth while to reiterate this very commonplace observation, because of the danger that the apathy, almost amounting to indifference, of the newspaper-reading and newspaper-writing public may infect the persons charged with the duty of detecting criminals. There may be some temptation to feel that the topic is one of dull routine, and to make in a more or less perfunctory manner the investigations which have so often proved fruitless. This is a danger to be guarded against; and it is agreeable to infer from the opportunely published Report of the Commissioner of Police that it has been, and will be, guarded against by the force of which he is the head.

MR. STUART'S PROGRAMME FOR LONDON.

MR. GOSCHEN'S recent speeches are marked with a special purpose, and this conclusion may be drawn from them with perfect confidence: at least one member of the Cabinet—and he no old Tory, but a politician bred in Liberalism and practised in its creed—has some misgivings as to the wisdom of the County Councils Act. To be sure, he limits his observations on that score to the proceedings and plans of the London Council; but his warning

remarks have an application far beyond the metropolitan area. The mischiefs he dreads may begin nowhere else, though that is unlikely; but if the Radical Socialists who practically constitute the London Council succeed in planting them in the capital, we may be sure that they will speedily extend to every populous city in Great Britain.

Before Mr. RITCHIE's Bill became law it was as clear as it is now that a complete change had passed over the party called Radical. Or, rather, the old Radical party had become extinct, just as the old Tory party had disappeared; the place and the name of Radicalism being taken by a faction which never had a footing in English politics before. This is the Radical-Socialist party, which Mr. GOSCHEN perceives to be absorbing the whole forces of the Opposition, while it openly proceeds upon principles of the most lawless and destructive character. But since Mr. RITCHIE's Bill was discussed there have been no developments in this party that might not have been foreseen—none, indeed, that were unforeseen. Not only one year ago, but two or three years ago, it was obvious enough that the new Radicalism depended for success upon a vigorous Socialist propaganda; a propaganda for which the ground had been prepared, first by the satisfaction of all the demands of the old Reformers, and next by admission to the franchise of a vast number of voters very needy, very ignorant, very impressionable, and more capable of violent "demonstration" than any other set of men in the community. Moreover, it was equally evident at the time of which we speak that, all the more sober and sobering elements of Liberalism being withdrawn from Mr. GLADSTONE's command, the whole mob of sentimentalists, impressionists, faddists, and downright revolutionaries that were enlisted to make up his forces would combine in due course under the Socialist-Radical flag. No doubt those who foresaw the event believed that it would not be declared till after Mr. GLADSTONE's retirement from political life or his departure from this mortal scene. But, if we may speak plainly of such things, that could only be a matter of a few years—a period no longer, perhaps, than the natural duration of a single Parliament. Nevertheless, what happened? Without need, without call, certainly without the pressure of popular demand, all the machinery which the Radical Socialists could wish for was placed at their disposal. This was done by the establishment of County Councils, in place of a system of local government which might here and there have got into bad hands (the fault and the remedy lying with the ratepayers alone), but yet a system of which no complaint was heard. When Mr. RITCHIE's Bill came under debate it was sometimes called a purely Radical measure. Just as often that description of it was denied; it was, in fact, and when properly understood, a strictly Conservative measure. In truth, it was something else. It was a Bill for the equipment and advancement of Radical Socialism. It was a Bill to provide the new Socialist party with a means of getting on, and with official machinery for forcing its principles into practice.

It may be true that, so far, the evils of the change appear distinctly in London alone. But—in London alone! What does that mean? How much is it seen to imply when we remember that the London district now returns sixty members to Parliament; that most of the members depend for election on masses of illiterate and poor men; that these voters, already solicited to discontent by their needs and a deepening sense of them, are now addressed by an organized body of Radical Socialists in authority, who offer them the fun as well as the profit of upsetting a social system which can have no obvious charms for them; and that the Socialist-Radical majority of the Council have not only direct representation in the House of Commons, but are backed to all intents and purposes by an Opposition that has passed into a new phase of activity. It is this last-named circumstance, evidently, which has aroused Mr. GOSCHEN's misgivings. He sees that the party of Mr. GLADSTONE is ceasing to be Gladstonian. Later revelations and developments convince him, as others are convinced, that not Mr. GLADSTONE alone, but his nearer political associates also, are losing authority; and that "the conditions" which are now placed upon him are such that it will be the "violent section of his party which will give its character to the future legislation of this country." More particularly he sees that at the next general election London will certainly be fought on Radical-Socialist principles—a belief which receives special justification from the legislative programme recently issued by Professor STUART on behalf of the majority in the London Council; and the natural inference is, not only that good government in London may be

endangered, but that the government of the whole country may be shared by the preachers of Radical Socialism.

Look at Mr. STUART's programme. It includes nine Bills, "introduced by all the London Liberal members." First, there is a Housing of the Working Classes Bill, which "places the necessary cost on the ground-values of London." Next, a Bill for "metropolis rating amendment," placing the capital cost of permanent improvements on the ground landlords. Then comes the Constabulary Bill; the intention of which is to transfer to the friends of Messrs. HYNDMAN, CONYBEARE, and GRAHAM complete control of the London police, though of course those gentlemen may not command a majority in the Council "every time." Under this proposal the police will not always have the same instructions as to the preservation of law and order, but different ones—according as the municipal elections go. Another of the Council's legislative measures deals with the Poor-rate on Radical-Socialist principles. By another the funds of "the City Companies and others" are regulated; while a brace of Bills provide that the Parliamentary franchise shall be altered for the special benefit of "metropolitan occupiers" and lodgers." This at once brings back the reflection that none of these changes could be made for London alone. The most important of them could be demanded just as reasonably for all the greater cities in the kingdom; and, being granted to London, would stand as an "anomaly" for indignant protest and immediate removal. And yet there is hardly one of these measures which is not either offensive to good government or menacing to the economic system on which society is built. It appears, then, that London is not alone concerned with the "capture" of its municipal constituencies by the Radical Socialists, or alone affected by the propaganda that proceeds from the London Council. The whole country is concerned with it and affected by it, both socially and politically; especially since the all but complete transformation of Mr. GLADSTONE's following into a Radical-Socialist party, in sympathy with the dearest wishes of Professor STUART.

Mr. GOSCHEN has spoken plainly, but not too soon. It is impossible to undo the mischief that was done when the Local Government Act was passed to establish and endow the New Radicalism; but something may be done before the next elections, municipal and parliamentary, to repeat and emphasize Mr. GOSCHEN's just alarms. This fact at any rate may be insisted on, for it has now become manifest to see. There are still two parties in the State. One is Conservative, though not more Conservative than Liberalism was in its most useful and honourable days. The other is an hitherto unknown sort of Radical party, whose methods begin by destruction and end in experiment. It is between these parties that the choice of the country has now to be made; and between the leaders of those parties, such as they are seen to be.

THE FLORAL PARADE.

TO speak truth with due regard for courtesy, this spectacle did not prove to be altogether so magnificent as a vain people thinks. There was too little of it, and too much of what there was stirred feelings remote from admiration. Among the carriages paraded—less than a score, including dogcarts and such unostentatious vehicles—there were several which might have been pronounced as charming as could be, had not one reached a pitch of excellence which left competition behind. The majority, however, showed rather good intentions than brilliant execution. If the Royal Botanic Society literally wish, as they say, "to encourage the use of Floral decorations as in the South of Europe," hasty and ill-considered festoons of garlands were quite as appropriate as the works of art on which we shall gladly dwell in a moment. They, indeed, represent the type of floral decoration in the South of Europe, according to our experience. But the "Triumphal Canopies, Banners, Flags, Wreaths, Garlands, Triumphal Arches," scattered about the grounds, for competition, really betrayed too much of the *sancta simplicitas*. That they were inconspicuous is the best that can be said for them in general. Most people went by, or under, without suspicion that such guileless objects could be designed to attract attention. To describe would be heartless, yet, lest the reader should think we exaggerate, one or two must be named, in sorrow, not in anger. Let us hope it was an exhibitor of irresponsible years who set up twelve-foot lengths of unplanned deal, with "stays" of string unadorned, and twined round it a garland of laurel, with a poppy and a yellow dahlia at six-inch intervals; so artless the whole arrangement, that eighteen inches of rough white wood and uncertain lengths of unsophisticated string betrayed themselves between each circuit of the scanty wreath. Close by stood another essay of the same infantile school; in this instance the "stays"

were pleasantly concealed by calico of varied hue; and branches of laurel, tied on, a foot or two apart, replaced the garland. Similar examples might be noted elsewhere—as the triumphal arch of evergreens by the great conservatory, which most people observed, and all who observed regarded with a puzzled smile; the Triumphal Canopy—of laurel, for the most part, supported on four naked posts borrowed from the lawn-tennis ground;—but it is enough. To our thinking, these adjuncts of the festival, each bearing its number, seriously entered for a prize, have as much interest as the fine things on the parade-ground. They offer food for thought. If the work of little children—there was no evidence on that point—adults must needs have superintended them, and the management must have acquiesced. There were too many to allow the supposition that it was all a joke. We conclude that the Royal Botanic Society will "meet a want very generally felt," as the advertisements say, by teaching us the art of floral decoration out of doors.

Probably not a few among those thousands of spectators in the brightest and costliest of summer raiment dolefully observed that weather should have been imported from the South of Europe to harmonize with its diversions. Those who came early, indeed, experienced some trying samples of our climate, and those who kept themselves dry hardly kept themselves cheerful until the Princess of Wales brought sunshine with her. The Broad Walk, railed in, made a charming and a brilliant vista nevertheless, such as we do not often behold in this capital, or any other. Though visitors did not try much to aid the general effect by making floral decorations of themselves, most ladies wore a bouquet—generally of roses. Here and there, indeed, an enthusiast displayed a sash constructed of flowers, instead of the usual materials. It looked an uncomfortable article of attire. As for the men, they seemed rather to make a point of abjuring even buttonholes on this occasion. Certainly they were less frequent than at an ordinary fete of the Royal Botanic Society. At four o'clock the Parade opened with Mrs. E. Ledger's *victoria*, and those who applauded that superb display might well credit that the glories of Nice were going to be superseded. After all, gold is the colour for effect. We call it "staring," if clumsily used; but that means the same thing in an offensive sense. Here all was admirable, from the "running footman" who marched ahead, epauletted, sashed, embosomed in dark-red roses, to the ponderous festoon of gold which overhung the back of the vehicle. One might say with truth, probably, that no inch of harness, or panel, or wheel could be discerned. The horses were jet black, to carry the harmony through; and the ladies, in golden silk, occupied a bower of white lilies. If that magnificent equipage could be beaten, there must be wonders, indeed, behind! It was not beaten, nor approached, in its special department. Next, as many thought—though the judges did not take the same view—was Mrs. Horner's *victoria*, with an iron-grey pair, and a striking decoration in dark crimson roses, the lady within it wearing green silk to match. The authorities, however, preferred Mr. Sherwood's village cart, and their choice is intelligible. Roses of two colours were employed here—red and pink—in delightful contrast. The wheels especially lent themselves to this combination; the circumference and the axle-box concealed beneath flowers of Duke of Edinburgh, as we imagine; the spokes clothed in La France. But these things, were they not set forth in the daily press? Perhaps the effect of the cavaliers in doublet and trunk hose and plumed hat, and silk stockings, has not had justice done to it. People seemed to be rather bewildered at the sight, not expecting that the customs of the South of Europe would be carried to the pitch of masquerading in broad daylight. This feeling changed to pity as the unfortunates circled slowly round, their poor silken legs visibly shrinking from our British zephyrs. Prettiest sight of all beyond question was the sedan-chair, built up of roses apparently, in which two small boys—one of them a girl, it was said—carried their tiny sister. They wore the dress of the Irish chairmen—light-blue coat, breeches, and white stockings—and the whole made a perfect Meissonier. But it was hard work for such mites to carry even a baby round and round the long course. One of them could not forbear to put down his load in the very presence of the Princess of Wales, and rub his hands ruefully before accepting the prize, which roused equal laughter and commiseration. Another pleasant incident was caused by the proceedings of Master Paget-Bowman's pony, a delightful little beast. This young gentleman thought proper to array himself in armour, with a very long plume in his helmet, which, when he uncovered to salute Her Royal Highness, swept the nose of his little charger. Promptly it resented the tickling insult, snatched the helmet, and refused to give it up, shaking its head prettily.

Upon the whole, though everybody laughed a little, and some a great deal, not without cause, there was more than enough of beautiful display to encourage the Society. We may hope that those who were somewhat absurd, or showed ignorance of the sort of thing required, will profit by the object lesson which was so well set by the minority.

PROFESSIONAL TATTLE.

"THERE never was button on the foil that made this hurt. But we surgeons are a secret generation. And, if it were not for hot blood and ill blood, what would become of the two learned faculties?" Thus spoke, wisely, the surgeon who dressed

Frank Osbaldestone's hurt after the duel with Rashleigh. And there is every reason to believe that his encomium on his own "faculty" (which might have been extended to the other that profits by hot blood and ill blood) was in the main and in old days well justified. Even men who are not very old can recollect when it was the rarest of things for a doctor to talk about his patients; while a solicitor who talked about his clients' affairs would have either been thought a black sheep, for whom striking off the rolls was too good, or a silly fellow who was not likely to do much harm, because in a very short time he would not have the opportunity of doing any. There are, however, not wanting persons—and those persons not wanting in commerce with the world—who say that all this is quite changed. There was always a certain latitude allowed to doctors in talking of one patient to another for (as the Articles of the Church of England have it) "instruction of life and example of manners." The wonderful effects which Lady — had experienced from the judicious throwing in of bark at the right moment might be justly alleged to induce Mrs. — to take that medicament; and if the Rev. —, who had got to the fanciful stage of gout, received momentary relief in fancy from being exhorted to follow Sir —'s celebrated cure by hot cabbage leaves, neither parson nor baronet could be much hurt by that transaction. The kind of thing to which we are referring is quite different, and must of late years have struck almost any one who frequents dinners, clubs, and places where they talk. At a casual "dinner of boys" some representative of one of the two learned faculties will enliven the circulation of an entrée with an account of the "midlands" (as poor Mr. de la Pluie used to say), of somebody or other who may or may not be known to the company; and it is an interesting question in which case the offence is greater. In the case of public men, bulletins may be drawn up with all the care and discretion in the world, but that will not prevent one of the signatories from whispering some hours later in a drawing-room, to some score or so very particular friends (each of whom has the thing as an exclusive privilege, and under pledge of absolute secrecy), the precise matters which the invalid does not wish to have published. Indeed, perhaps because they are presumed to be more appetizing, it is, as a rule, those precise matters which the invalid does not wish to have published of which the medical adviser of this class is most lavish. To do the other faculty justice, this loquacity does not seem to have affected lawyers quite so much. Yet little birds flit about saying that the popularity of some very popular members of that profession is due directly to the obliging and skilful way in which they dish up A's private affairs for the amusement of B, C, and D.

Now this is vanity and a sore evil. Nor is it difficult or unfair to connect it with that pestilent development of journalism which now and then (as in a case of the lowest kind tried by Mr. Justice Charles the other day) the law steps in to tackle, but of which it is thought by some old-fashioned people that mere law can never take quite the proper cognizance in the proper way. We should be sorry to think that any lawyer or doctor of any mark or likelihood whatever actually traffics paragraphs of gossip against coin of the realm; though, after the vile services which have been rendered by men of honourable professions, there really is no knowing. But the two evils rather come from the same fountain than are connected the one with the other as cause and effect. As the gutter journalist caters for the public who pay him pence and halfpence, so does the doctor cater for his miscellaneous friends and actual or possible patients. Legs and arms, heads and st-m-chs, "a, e, i, o, u, and sometimes w and y," and the like, are presumably found as interesting as coats, hose, and hats, as tittle-tattle about peers and penny-a-liners, and as those astonishing paragraphs which make the round of the lower class of newspaper, telling how Mr. Jones, who wrote *Hootings of an Owl in the Wilderness*, is five feet high, has red hair and squints, abides at a bower of roses in the vicinity of Peckham, and busies himself, by way of an amusement for his leisure hours, in collecting cigarette-ends. One sometimes wonders whether the men and women who listen (for they do listen) to stories about my Lord A's inside from the person whom my Lord A—good man!—has just feed, in the belief that the state of his inside will no more be talked of by his doctor than the state of his conscience by his confessor, ask themselves the surely obvious question, Is this the way he talks about Me? Apparently they do not; for the greatest babblers in the faculty are often the most *achalandés*. But, however this may be, the thing is, as has been said, an obvious nuisance; it is increasing, and it ought to be put down. In both the professions into which it seems to have crept professional opinion has a pretty considerable power, and it is surely time for it to see whether that power cannot be exerted to restore the old standard of etiquette, or rather of decency and honour.

RACING.

THE days in which the Northumberland Plate was the only great event in the racing world between Ascot and the Newmarket July Meeting are things of the past, and we may dismiss that race for this year by saying that it was won by Lord Durham's five-year-old mare, Drizzle, a winner of half a dozen

races last season, who had only 6 st. 10 lbs. on her back, and that the race was chiefly remarkable for the light weights carried by the seven starters, not one of whom carried more than the winner, while most of them carried much less. On the following day a field of twenty-two came out for the Seaton Delaval Plate of 1,500*l.*, for two-year-olds, and the race was won by Loup, a chestnut colt with a great deal of quality, capital loins, and wide, muscular quarters, to whom we shall have to refer presently. On the same day, at Sandown, the Electric Stakes of 2,000*l.* was won by Mr. H. Milner's filly, Listen, who started first favourite on the strength of a reported private trial, her only public performances having been to run unplaced at Leicester last year and to tumble down when running for the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Newmarket this spring. On the last day of the Sandown First Summer Meeting, Chevalier Ginistrelli's Signorina, of whom we shall have more to say by-and-bye, gave her backers what servant-women call "a turn," for after 5 to 2 had been laid freely upon her, she barely won the British Dominion Stakes by a head, after a tremendous struggle with the Duke of Westminster's Orwell, a Bend Or colt, to whom she was giving 12 lbs. and sex.

On the first day of the Bibury Club Meeting, Lord Zetland's brown filly, Margarine, who had won her only other race, now won the Champagne Stakes of 825*l.*, the third in the race being Merry Monk, for whom Lord Dudley had given 2,250 guineas last year. In the preceding race Mr. C. Rose's Arcadia, who had previously won a couple of races worth 1,535*l.*, was beaten by a head by Mr. N. Fenwick's beautiful filly, Pluie d'Or, by Bend Or; and Mr. R. H. Combe's Imogene, who was giving the other pair 5 lbs., was only a neck behind Arcadia. It looked a very close thing between them; but, as it is said that Imogene hit her leg on the way to the post, that Arcadia's saddle slipped, and that Pluie d'Or swerved, it is difficult to say what the running was really worth. The same afternoon the hitherto unbeaten Semolina won the Bibury Club Home-Bred Foal Stakes, and she walked over for a stake a couple of days later, achieving her eighth victory with considerably over 5,000*l.* to her credit. A description of this famous filly's first defeat, which occurred on Wednesday last, will not come within the province of this article. There was a pretty race for the Stockbridge Cup between Lord Hastings's St. Patrick, Mr. W. Low's Napoleon, and Lord Penrhyn's Noble Chieftain, who were divided by half a length and a neck; and at the weights they carried it was an even closer affair than it looked; but we shall have to show later on that this form was all upset last week at Newmarket. An hour later the Selling Plate farce was played once more, when Mr. H. S. Leon's two-year-old brown filly, Swallowtail, was sold for no less than 820 guineas more than the 200*l.* which her owner was to receive for her. On the last day of the Stockbridge Meeting Mr. H. Milner's Riviera, the future heroine of the valuable Portland Stakes, won the Hurstbourne Stakes of 1,150*l.*, "hands down by a length," from Prince Soltykoff's Keythorpe, the winner of a Triennial at Ascot.

At Kempton Park, in the presence of the Shah, Chevalier Ginistrelli's Signorina, who, like Semolina, was unbeaten, won the Kempton Park Grand Two-Year-Old Stakes. Although she started first favourite, many people expected her to be beaten by Mr. J. H. Houldsworth's Alloway, an immense colt, by Springfield out of Lady Morgan, that was running in public for the first time, but was said to have been proved in private to be superior to Martagon, a colt in his stable that had run Signorina to a head at Manchester. Signorina, however, gave him (counting sex) the equivalent of 7 lbs. and a beating by half a length; so the reported trial—if, indeed, it ever took place—can hardly have been correct, and, on Wednesday last, he showed very moderate form at Leicester.

The Princess of Wales's Handicap of 2,000*l.*, on the last day at Kempton, was a very unsatisfactory race, as there was one of the worst starts of the season, and the finish was spoilt by Martley, who, at the distance, tried to "savage" Thunderstorm, and then swerved against Johnny Morgan. The latter colt, nevertheless, managed to win by a neck from Thunderstorm, who, by the way, died in consequence of an accident at Reading Railway Station two days afterwards. Lord Hartington won the Kempton Park International Two-Year-Old Plate of 1,000*l.* with his neatly-made chestnut colt, Marvel, who gives every promise of proving a useful racehorse.

The favourite for the July Stakes, on the first day of the Newmarket July Meeting, was the Duke of Hamilton's Loup, who, as we have already said, had won the Seaton Delaval Plate at Newcastle. He now beat Keythorpe at least as easily as Riviera had beaten him at Stockbridge. Fielders won heavily over the Visitors' Handicap, which was won by Mr. G. Haughton's Arundel, against whom 20 to 1 had been laid. He had run eight times before this season without winning a single race. Curious form, again, was shown by Lord Penrhyn's Noble Chieftain in winning the Bottisham Plate in a canter by three lengths; for, as we observed above, St. Patrick and Napoleon, who finished in front of him at Stockbridge, appeared to be at least his equals at the weights; yet now Fullerton, Love-in-Idleness, and the hitherto unbeaten two-year-old, Scotch Earl, had not a chance with him. The Bunbury Plate (for which 11 to 4 was laid on Napoleon, and 8 to 1 was offered in vain against Robin Hood) was an interesting example of the paradox, so often apparent in racing, that things equal to the same are not always equal to one another, for Robin Hood now beat Napoleon at even weights, and

therefore seemed to be equal to Fullerton, because Napoleon had beaten Noble Chieftain at 10 lbs., and Noble Chieftain had beaten Fullerton by several lengths at even weights—yet, strange to say, for the Hunt Cup at Ascot, when receiving 41 lbs. from Fullerton, Robin Hood had finished a long way behind him. It is but fair to add that Fullerton only ran fourth for that race, a head behind the third.

The racing on the second day at Newmarket was not very interesting. Mr. Lowther won the first and the last races. The Thursday's racing was more important. St. Helen, who finished second for the Oaks in Rêve d'Or's year, several lengths in front of Hawthorn, was now handicapped as much as 31 lbs. below that filly for the Hare Park Handicap, which she won easily. Three two-year-olds that had cost 7,450 guineas as yearlings ran for a Private Post Sweepstakes of 250 guineas each, and there did not appear to be many pounds difference between them, as Lord Dudley's Merry Monk, who was stopping at the finish, only won by half a length from Mr. W. Low's rather lightly-made Gold Wing, who was three-quarters of a length in front of Mr. W. De La Rue's somewhat backward Heckberry, an own brother to Energy. The Chesterfield Stakes was an interesting race, because Baron de Rothschild's Heaume, who had run the famous Surefoot to a length at Ascot, and had good claims to be considered the second best colt of his year, was to meet Riviera, Loup, and two new-comers in the Duke of Portland's Memoir and Lord Calthorpe's Wood Nymph. Riviera was the favourite, but, after a sharp struggle, Heaume won by three-quarters of a length from Loup, who beat Riviera by a neck. This form has been directly reversed during the present week in the Portland Stakes; but we must reserve our notice of that race for a future occasion. A terrible mistake was made when 2 to 1 was laid on "Mr. Abington's" Pioneer for the Midsummer Plate, as Antibes, to whom he was giving 9 lbs. besides weight for sex, beat him by a length. This was an immense improvement upon Antibes's running at Ascot, where he had only finished sixth to Pioneer. Mr. J. Lowther, who was in great form at the meeting, won the Ellesmere Stakes with King Monmouth from Colonel North's Royal Star, whom he had purchased two days earlier for 1,900 guineas. Lord Hartington's smart filly, Marvel, continued her victorious career in the Stud Produce Stakes.

Previous public form had been considerably upset during the week; but the grand climax occurred in the race for the July Cup on the Friday, when Prince Soltykoff's Mephisto, who had been unplaced to St. Patrick, Napoleon, and Noble Chieftain at Stockbridge, won easily by a length from St. Patrick, although he was only meeting him on 6 lbs. better terms, while Noble Chieftain, with 5 lbs. better terms, finished twice as far behind St. Patrick as he had done at Stockbridge, and Napoleon, who had been a neck in front of Noble Chieftain at Stockbridge, now only ran fifth, although there was no alteration in their relative weights. We should add that, whereas Napoleon gave St. Patrick 5 lbs. and ran him to half a length at Stockbridge, he could not now get within some lengths of him at even weights. When horses belonging to owners above all shadow of suspicion run in such in-and-out fashion, it may be well to be charitable in judging the form shown by the horses of less reputable racing-men. One more instance of the perversity of horseflesh was afforded in the next race, when the Duke of Westminster's Lozenge, who was said to have "scarcely touched an oat" since her arrival at Newmarket on the Monday and to be altogether "off colour," beat a field of fourteen two-year-olds for the Princess of Wales's Cup, as if in the very best of health and spirits.

A large quantity of blood stock has been sold during the last few weeks. The Royal yearlings realized 11,745 guineas, at an average of nearly 420 guineas, the highest price being 3,000 guineas, which was given by Colonel North for a colt by Hampton out of Land's End. The Newmarket sales were some of the most successful ever held there. On the Monday, Lord Rosslyn's mares and foals made high prices. As much as 1,750 guineas was paid for Feronia, a mare twenty-one years old, with a filly foal. Her daughter, Allegra, with a colt foal, was purchased by Mr. D. Baird for 4,000 guineas; and 1,500 guineas was given for her daughter, April Fool, who had distinguished herself by running in thirty-seven races, and winning only three. The Duke of Portland gave 3,000 guineas for Miss Middlewick, a brood mare by Scottish Chief out of Violet. Lord Willoughby de Broke gave 1,800 guineas for Joyeau, and 1,100 guineas for her foal by St. Simon. Among what were termed "miscellaneous properties," Little Sister (the dam of Thunderstorm, whose death we have already noticed), with a foal by Saraband, made 2,000 guineas. On the Tuesday, a yearling by Isonomy was purchased for 2,500 guineas by Colonel North, and one by Hampton for 2,600 guineas by Mr. D. Baird, while Mr. E. Baird gave 2,000 for another by Xenophon. Among older horses, Paloma, a three-year-old that had been beaten in each of the five races for which she had run this season, was also purchased by Mr. E. Baird for 2,100 guineas. On the Wednesday, Captain Machell gave 3,000 guineas for a yearling by Isonomy, and Mr. W. Low 2,500 for one by Galliard. The next day, the seven Blankney yearlings averaged about 1,120 guineas apiece; a colt by Bend Or, among the Mentmore yearlings, made 2,050 guineas; and one by Sterling, from the Yardley Stud, 2,250. We have dwelt at some length on these sales in order to show that the increase of valuable stakes is influencing the price of fashionably-bred blood stock.

FREE-TRADE IN DISEASE.

A BOUT thirteen months ago there was a discussion in the House of Commons which did as little credit to that body as any discussion which has taken place during the existence of the present Parliament. The leaders of a movement characterized by everything which is opposed to Christian charity, to good sense, and to science fastened upon admitted defects in the working of certain regulations to deliver a general attack upon a whole system of beneficial enactments in India. It was then made apparent how far public opinion has advanced in enlightenment during the last few years, and with what rare courage the House of Commons is prepared to discharge the important stewardship entrusted to it. Not very long since the Contagious Diseases Act in England was repealed by a snap vote of the House of Commons, when even Liberal Ministers, who are more exposed to the dictation of uninformed sentiment than their opponents, were half disposed to vindicate their official responsibilities. But the effect of Mr. Stansfeld's chance victory, magnified as it was by his fanatical following, has been to take the backbone out of men of sense and experience, and to reduce them in public pitifully to acquiesce in mischief for which they cannot find language of contempt and condemnation severe enough in private. The Government occupied a strong position when the day came for Mr. McLaren's motion last June. It was one thing to repeal the Act in England. No man of sense and humanity could certainly approve the repeal. But, after all, the conditions of life make the enforcement of such salutary legislation in England more difficult; and the country is not responsible for exposing its soldiers to such peculiar temptations as surround them in India. There the young soldier is deprived of the influences and distractions which attend him at home; and, as the proportion of married men is necessarily very small, his lot is virtually one of enforced celibacy. For, in spite of all that has been done and is being done in India to give the European private occupation and amusement, the boy-soldier (for short service has given us mere youths infinitely liable to temptation) must often be cooped up all through the hot days in dreary and monotonous barracks, where the only surroundings are the purloins inhabited by the camp-followers. Here, if anywhere, the Government which sends the soldier out is responsible for mitigating the consequences of placing him in so "trying a life"—consequences which will be inevitable as long as human nature endures. This would seem to be a plain duty, and one in which Government should be kept up to the mark by the sense of the entire community.

We could wish the obligation had been put plainly before the country last summer. And, indeed, we have reasons for believing that such was the original intention of the proper authorities. But when the time came a panic was discovered in the ranks, and the discovery affected the leaders with even more alarming pusillanimity. One honourable member dared not face the feeling in his constituency; another even embraced (though he was really ashamed to avow it) the opportunity of setting himself right with certain people for a former vote; and it was reported that scarcely some poor forty or fifty men could be got to have the courage of convictions that were shared, at the most moderate estimate, by two-thirds of the House. Therefore, although some good sense was talked by Sir J. Gorst, Mr. Cavendish Bentinck, and Sir R. Temple, the position was practically surrendered at discretion, and no authoritative attempt was made to show Mr. McLaren and his friends that, after all, Christian charity was not ranked on their side, or to demonstrate to the good people who voted that "what is morally wrong cannot be politically right," where the morality came in, and in what direction. We do not wish, however, to dwell upon the scene, or to recapitulate incidents so disgraceful, including the unctuous tributes which were paid to the motives of the repealers. The Indian Government was naturally forced to accept the somewhat unconstitutional interference of the House of Commons; and a despatch in accordance with Mr. McLaren's views was sent out by the Secretary of State. Nine out of thirteen members of his Council, however, recorded their dissent, foreseeing the result. What was then feared and foreseen is now reported to have come too terribly to pass. A positively alarming spread of disease has quickly followed upon the abolition of the Acts. The Indian papers of last mail announce that Lord Lansdowne's Government have been obliged to draw up a remonstrance, or at any rate to lay the whole state of the evil before the authorities at home. They may have no hope of affecting Mr. McLaren and his friends, but it is as well that the facts should be known, and the responsibility shifted to the proper quarter. It is, indeed, time. Free-trade in disease has, within a year, brought down two out of every five men throughout the strength of the European establishment in India. Or, to put it in another way, a whole brigade is put miserably *hors de combat* (just when Sir Wilfrid Lawson is overflowing with pity for the Dervishes), and last June's discussion has cost the nation more than many a regular engagement. It is not, however, on the grounds of the efficiency of our troops that any expostulation can be addressed to the deliberate promoters of this evil. Nor can they be asked to reconcile the consequences of their action with their own extraordinary professions. Mr. McLaren, though he would probably care for a drunkard who had brought on delirium tremens by persistent intemperance, would let the victim of his own inexperience waste in disease, and argue that the world was better for the (moral) lesson conveyed by his suffering. But may not

some of the reasonable people and honourable members who condemn this fearful mischief in private pluck up courage enough to proclaim their faith also in public, now they realize the magnitude of the evil their cowardice has contributed to foster?

HOW NOT TO TRACE YOUR OWN PEDIGREE.

FEW people are absolutely without some sort of interest in the lives of their ancestors, and yet very few indeed have successfully accomplished the somewhat difficult task of tracing their own pedigree. It is a matter that requires a lavish expenditure of time and trouble, and usually the results attained are so trifling that "practical" men rarely inquire into their family history unless there is some possibility or probability of pecuniary results. Except with some such object in view the vaguest family traditions suffice for the average Briton. There are, however, persons who make up their minds to write their family history, but, being entirely without genealogical skill, they are quite at sea until some good friend recommends to them Phillimore's *How to Write the History of a Family* and Rye's *Records and Record Searching*. With these handbooks the amateur genealogist need waste no time in his self-imposed duties, and, if not frightened by the immense mass of material to be searched, he ought to turn out a creditable family history, assuming, of course, that he has a family, and that his family has a history.

Phillimore and Rye are not the only authors who claim to guide the faltering steps of the inexperienced genealogist. In fact, quite recently a neatly-printed pamphlet of forty pages has been published with the following title:—*How to trace your own Pedigree, or, a Guide to Family Descent. By P. Fancourt Hodgson, late Clerk of Heralds' College, London. Being a Handbook, by consulting which any person may trace his own pedigree, either for legal or literary purposes. For the former purpose to show a right to titles, estates, or unclaimed money in Chancery. For the latter purpose to trace descent from an honoured family. It will also be found invaluable to the American and Colonist wishing to trace his ancestry in the Old Country.* (London: Pickering & Chatto.) Notwithstanding the frequent repetition of several words the title is a striking one, and promises sufficient to make the mouth water. By the use of these marvellous forty pages (according to the author) any person may trace his own pedigree "to show a right to titles, estates, or unclaimed money"; and those who have a noble score for pelf may yet be glad, under the immediate direction of one claiming to be an ex-official of Heralds' College, to "trace descent from an honoured family"! This is such a magnificent promise that one instinctively turns to the little instrument that is to do so great a work; but the result of an examination hardly bears out the lavish anticipations of the title-page. Of course Mr. P. Fancourt Hodgson, late Clerk of Heralds' College, has compiled his book at the request of numerous friends, and equally of course he has never heard of the two essential books we have named; for he informs us that there have been "a few works" published with a similar object, "but these have been expensive, and are now mostly difficult to obtain"; and he therefore "submits this book of reference to the public, at a cost which will render it accessible to all, and which will supply full information in a condensed form on the subject up to date"; and trusts that he may in some measure help to advance the "science of proving family descent." The books we have mentioned are neither expensive nor difficult to obtain. The pamphlet of Mr. P. Fancourt Hodgson, late Clerk, &c., is, no doubt, still cheaper; but it labours under the disadvantage of being useless when it has been obtained. Mr. Hodgson announces a novel discovery that he has made—namely, that in the public libraries of the kingdom "it has been noticed that genealogical works and MSS. are more consulted than any other class of literature." This discovery should be of interest to librarians, who have hitherto been under the delusion that fiction was most in demand at the institutions in their charge, and ought also to solve the doubt that exists in many minds as to genealogy being a department of literature at all. Nor is it open to Mr. Hodgson to claim that it is a form of fiction; for that is said only by those who sit in the seat of the scornful, and could not be the judgment of one who claims to be a high priest of genealogy. The genealogical tyro will probably first turn to the chapter on preliminary steps. Now to an ordinary person the first step in making a pedigree would be to have a chat with some of the oldest members of his family, and to extract from them such information as would form a sound basis upon which to work. But Mr. Hodgson not being an ordinary person, sends his reader first to the family deed-box and, failing a deed-box, to the old family Bible. Why the Bible is only to be consulted when there is no deed-box, Mr. Hodgson does not explain.

The anxious inquirer, having obtained a few links of the pedigree, has next to find out the origin of his surname, and then to ascertain whether or not the family is entitled to coat armour. When he has got so far, he is thought to be strong enough to venture among the MSS. at the Heralds' College, British Museum, and elsewhere. At the Museum the pupil of the late Clerk of Heralds' College has considerable work cut out, for he is told that he should consult the Cottonian, Harleian, Egerton, Lansdowne, Sloane, Royal, and Additional MSS. Wills and parish registers are rightly described as important, but the neophyte might usefully be informed that many thousand wills

have been indexed by local Societies, and that a number of parish registers are now safely in print. The account of the Public Record Office is not quite so slipshod as the rest of the book, though the author refers to the "folios" of Sims's "Manual" instead of to its "pages," has not heard of the "Index Library," and forgets to mention that the Recusant Rolls do not come down to the present time, as recusancy is no longer an offence at law.

The chapter devoted to printed sources is one of the most amusing in the book. It consists of a list, purporting to mention "several of the different classes of books and publications, and, in many cases, the names of the books themselves, which may profitably be consulted." Five pages are occupied by this list, in which Mr. Hodgson has carefully and thoughtfully prefixed "A.D." to the dates, so that no one will be tempted to regard Stacey Grimaldi as a pre-Christian author. Notwithstanding this care, the list is one to give a painful shock to the bibliographer. Foster's "Collectanea" is called "Miscellanea, Foster's," John Burke's *History of the Commoners* is ascribed to his son, Sir Bernard; while the *Gentleman's Magazine*, the *London Magazine*, the *European*, G. E. C.'s *New Peerage*, and Howard's *Miscellanea*, each occur twice. On the other hand, books like Foster's *Alumni Oxonienses*, Anthony & Wood's great work, and the *Athenae Cantabrigienses* are not mentioned at all. The list of societies "established for genealogical and kindred purposes" does not include the Chetham, the Oxford Historical, or the Surtees Society. The "Lists of Foreign Protestants," published by the Camden Society, is ignorantly set out as two separate books. The chapter on "Other Useful Sources of Information" is filled with a variety of odds and ends which the author appears to have forgotten to classify into their proper places. Thus *coats of arms* and *seals* should surely have been dealt with in the heraldic chapter. A few lines in this, the last chapter but one of the book, is the first occasion on which the author speaks of the value of family tradition.

Although Mr. Hodgson informs us that he has taken some pains to make his book useful to Americans, he must not be annoyed if the long-headed Yankees decline to follow implicitly the lead of an author who misquotes the title of such a well-known book as Hotten's *Original Lists*, and spells Massachusetts with only one t. The New Englanders would not have pardoned this, even to Artemus Ward, much less to Mr. P. Fancourt Hodgson, who is merely an unconscious humourist. While studying the American part of Mr. Hodgson's book a dreadful suspicion occurs that perhaps this muddle-headed pamphlet is not quite as original as the author would like us to suppose. But let us put it down to mere coincidence that the *New England Register* has the same number of volumes in 1889 that it had in 1887 when it was named in Mr. Phillimore's book; that the list of American Societies and of English Public Libraries named by Mr. Hodgson and by Mr. Phillimore are almost identical, though in his list of libraries the late Clerk of Heralds' College has omitted the Incorporated Law Society, and has inserted the University College Library, Cambridge, an institution for which the *Cambridge Calendar* may be searched in vain. Seriously speaking, a person trying under the literary guidance of this book to compile a family history would be put on the wrong track immediately, would waste time looking in deed-chests when he ought to be interviewing his grandmother, and would be trotting up to London from the country to get from a musty and illegible manuscript information that he could have seen in print at the nearest public library. Mr. Hodgson is probably incorrigible; but to any future genealogical pamphleteer we would say, be careful to name the authorities from whom you borrow phrases, lists of societies, and such like; at least quote correctly; do not commit more errors in grammar than you can help; and, finally, obtain a copy of *How to trace your own Pedigree*, by Mr. P. Fancourt Hodgson, late Clerk of Heralds' College, London, and use it as an almost unerring indication of what should not be done.

SOME HUMOURS OF SOMERSET HOUSE.

SOMERSET House is a bulky edifice daily to be discovered between the Strand and the river, on the site of the Protector's old mansion. It was erected in its present form after designs by Sir William Chambers, and its stately facade, one of the ornaments of our city, is a notable example of Palladian architecture. A wing of this building is given up to the public service in the capacity of General Registry of Births, Marriages, and Deaths. The ground so far is one of common knowledge. The careless individual, however, who directs his steps along the pavement extending between Temple Bar and Charing Cross, and who stops midway in his course, would probably not be led to think that a fund of quiet merriment lay hidden behind the massive stonework, the solemn portals and pillars which abut so severely at this point upon the Strand. Who being in search of the risible would descend on Somerset House? The interest here, it might be supposed, is all for the statistician, the statesman, the man of Blue Books. Yet there is no lack of humour here, notwithstanding; jokes, it is true, not excruciatingly amusing, rather those of old men and of thoughtful people, for the most part. Indeed, could a man spend his days in these sombre chambers, life exist in the dreary round of "general search" and incessant entry, if the law of compensation had not provided

some such solace? Droll records, quaint instances of registration, striking coincidences stumbled upon in dull hours and amid the colourless routine work by which wages are earned, lucky windfalls of the intellect that, like the judicial *bons-mots* which relieve some blank proceeding of the Chancery Division, serve to put new energy into dejected heads; that beguile the travail of a day; that in a moment exceptionally propitious may even send a series of precise and official laughs floating right through the thick masonry which divides the street from the scene of registration labour.

With these clerical jokes, if they come to be marshalled on paper, there is a fatal generic drawback—they lose in the process of transplanting so much of their excellence. The *genius loci* is essential. It is almost a shame to dig them out. It needs the air of Somerset House, the every-day drudgery of the Civil Service, to impart to the appetite that especial zest, that flavour to the palate, which brings satisfaction to the taster—who ought to be a clerk engaged hourly in the making of books such as Lamb would not have described as literature. To be appreciated fully, these jokes must be turned up in the pages of the registers. To find them really sportive, the reader must hunt them down in the orthodox manner. Further, he must not really be hunting for them when he discovers them, but hit upon them haphazard just when he is thinking of something else that is wearisome.

There is, by way of example, the memorable case of Mr. Yellow and Mrs. Blue. They were husband and wife, it will be recollected. They had one child, a daughter, who no sooner came of age than she abjured her patronymic, causing her friends to receive an intimation that in future she would be found at home only as Miss Green. The matter did not end here. During several weeks of a particular leap year, when her mind was a gale of excitement, she was on the verge of proposing marriage to a Mr. Red, her complementary colour, whom she learned to know through the columns of a match-making newspaper. She had already settled, among other things, to name her offspring Master or Miss White, in agreement with the exigencies of sex, when suddenly her plans came to the ground with a clatter, and, turning filial once again, she eventually died as she had been born, as Miss Yellow, prematurely and disconsolate, amid the derision of all who knew her, a baffled chameleon. Her conduct seems inexplicable. It was certainly reprehensible. But they who are informed are aware that there was method in Miss Yellow's vagaries; in taking the several steps enumerated above she was only doing her best to fulfil the conditions of an eccentric testament by which considerable property was left to her if she acceded to its provisions. And most assuredly she would have become Mrs. Red, with property in her own right, if the will on which her hopes depended had not been overturned in the courts, and her testator declared mad at the time of its execution. His mind had been fired by Sir Isaac Newton's discovery of the blending of the prismatic hues. An isolated case of this nature can be little impressive, particularly when we have the *rationale* at our hand. But the coincidence of names becomes singular, curious, startling, when we have read of thousands of Yellows and Blues who have married, not with one another, but quite without method or humour, and about whose descendants there is nothing that is not absolutely commonplace.

The registers disclose a number of striking combinations of Christian name and surname, some of which are ingenious:—

Front-name.	Surname.
Ether	Spray
Foot	Bath
Pascal	Lamb
River	Jordan
Morning	Dew
Christopher	Corpse
Offspring	Dear
Smith Follows	Smith
Orange	Lemmon
Colonel	Sergeant
Ever Virtuous	Sanders
Rose Shamrock	Anthistle
Mily Miles	Mills Overy
Thomas	White Hatt

Of these, "Rose Shamrock Anthistle," at any rate, is good for a daughter of the United Kingdom.

Christian names of the more ambitious kind are plentiful. A son is named "Arthur Wellesley Wellington Waterloo Cox" (Births, 5 A. p. 318); another "Napoleon the Great" (2 B. 307). A labourer calls his daughter "Lady Elizabeth" (1 D. 674). There is an instance of a hereditary knighthood or baronetcy formed in this manner, where a father, "Sir Francis" Howard, registers his son anew as "Sir Francis" (1 C. 340). Charles Hassall, described on the register as a medical herbalist, and presumably as anything we please in real life, comes to his son's assistance with the front-names, "Doctor Jervis St. Vincent Beresford" (8 C. 322). The son of "Horatio Nelson" Baker is named "Ewart Gladstone" (1 A. 637). Jewett, a parent of sporting proclivities, registers his child "Edward Byng Tally Ho Forward" (11 A. March 1865). An innkeeper's son is "Robert Alma Balaclava Inkermann Sebastopol Delhi Dugdale" (8 E. 512, November 1857). A long name bestowed by a Chartist on his daughter is "Fanny Amelia Lucy Ann Rebecca Frost O'Connor Douall Luce Holberry Duffy Oastler Hill" (16, 298, September 1842). "One Too Many" (4 A. 81) and "Not Wanted James" (1 D. 312) are the titles of unfortunate children. "Is it Maria" (8, 367) discloses a parental mystification answered, in the case

of the other sex, by "That's It, Who'd Have Thought It" (2 A. 505). "George Henry" is subsequently prefixed to this absurd string of derivations. The wife of Thomas registers her son as "Young Thomas" (5 A. 173), and James Stewart calls his son "Young James Gorston" (6 D. 454). The daughter of John Buckingham Smith is christened "Laughing Waters" (*sic*), which later gives way in the "certificate of naming" to "Minnehaha." "Richard Cœur de Lion Tyler Walter Hill" (1 A. 13) is a further instance of pompous names.

Stillborn children are not registered. Yet a child is entered as having died aged "a few seconds" (9 A. 201). A singular entry is that of a child registered, without name, as of "sex unknown" (8, 440).

Humour is less rampant in the sphere of marriage entry. Emily Walton, however, is wedded to a husband called "Tighu ma qual O'Temeraul Hope de Hindley Turner" (9 C. 147). In the register of marriage a column is set aside for the "condition" of the parties, whether they be spinster, bachelor, widow, or widower. On p. 149, vol. xviii., the bridegroom is described as "fat," the bride as "somewhat lean." The ecclesiastic presumably responsible for this entry is yet entrusted with the care of 470 souls; and as his waggishness occurred half a century ago, we may believe he has long since chanted an appropriate psalmode.

Among deaths, Richard Toohair is similarly described as a "living skeleton" (8 B. 534). The occupation of a man deceased is given as "Passionist" (8 B. 526). A schoolmaster at Knighton, in the Principality, dies of "political stroke"; this, too, as early as 1839. Here is a coincidence which perhaps yields to an ill-natured explanation; two officials of the same parish—one rate-collector, the other overseer—make away with themselves in the same week (5 B. 283). Births show a more notable coincidence where two children of the same family are born on leap-year day—one in 1868, the other in 1880.

Many parents, usually of the lower middle class, find pleasure in giving their children a plurality of names. Brown, a clerk in the Income-tax Department, calls his daughter Sarah Jane Mary Ann Emma Elizabeth Caroline Isabella Eliza Martha Catherine Matilda Evelyn Margaret Rosamond. This string is sufficiently lengthy; but Sarah . . . Brown is outpaced by the twenty-six titles borne by the daughter of Arthur Pepper, a laundryman, whose girl's name is one of the longest, if not the very longest, in existence. Spread out its entire length it runs—Ann Bertha Cecilia Diana Emily Fanny Gertrude Hypatia Inez Jane Kate Louise Maud Nora Ophelia Quince Rebecca Starkey Tereza Ulyssis (*sic*) Venus Winifred Xenophon Yetty Zeus. She has a name for each letter of the alphabet, and her names, with the exception of the surname, which of course is last, are in alphabetical order. She was born in 1833; and, if she has not subsided under the weight of her christening, she may be yet with us. Frankly, let us not grudge Ann Pepper her good fortune; we cannot attain to it ourselves; we admit as much and yield, for our forbears have neglected us. Let her enjoy her position, the privilege of first, while she may. She cannot hold it long. When it is known that she has precedence by dint of the many names bestowed on her by her godfathers and godmothers, she will be met, challenged, and easily defeated by a rival, some weakling of the cradle whose baby laughter little suspects the horrid length to which nomenclature has advanced in its regard. There is no end to the resources of name-giving. A new hand will hold the palm, a new record be established, were it needful that a new form of registration-book be designed with pages sufficiently large to contain it.

These are some examples of registration humour; they are select in the sense that they are not exhaustive, but they are not select in the completest sense, for to the fortunate or careful searcher they may not be the best. The general philosophical reflections suggested by them are obvious. At any rate, there is no room for them here.

DIE MEISTERSINGER AT COVENT GARDEN.

M. AUGUSTUS HARRIS may be sincerely congratulated on the result of his bold experiment of producing the *Meistersinger* in Italian, with an international cast, last Saturday. The difficulties to be overcome were so considerable, that a decidedly inadequate performance might have been justly received with much forbearance; but, owing to the great care and zeal that have evidently been lavished on the work by all concerned in it, an interpretation has been secured that in many points challenges comparison with any that has been yet heard. To our thinking, the most remarkable feature of last Saturday's representation was indubitably to be found in the Hans Sachs of M. Lassalle—an impersonation from every point of view of extraordinary excellence. Always a good actor, M. Lassalle has perhaps never before attained so complete a mastery over any part committed to his charge, and of his singing it would be difficult to speak with too much praise. His intonation was faultless throughout, and his delivery of the noble music of the third act such as only great artists can attain to. He is worthy of high commendation for the total absence of any approach to the excessive emphasis which has hitherto characterized the interpretation of some of the most able exponents of the part. Why the opening of "Wahn! wahn!" should have been suppressed it

(2 A. absurd son as his son of John, which ehaha." further ered as er entry now" entry. 'Tighu In the on" of now, or beed as c pre care y ago, opriate d as a ceased ghton, is early an ill the rate in the evidence r day measure work in Mary Catherine siently ty-six yman, longest, Bertha Kate ereza has a the ex- etical under unkly, ain to have first, down d on gaged, those men- e re new struc- it. are not e not eful chical here ated the day. at a lived that in it, ages, was -an ex- ver tered peak out, as com- eson the it

is not easy to understand. The other and less important cuts have been as judiciously executed as cuts can ever be. The praises of so admirable an artist as M. Jean de Reszke need not be written here, and it seems almost unnecessary to say that his Walther was a refined and thoughtful impersonation. It struck us, however, on a first hearing as falling a trifle short in the poetic fire and inspiration which distinguish the character. Mme. Albani has never been heard to greater advantage than in the part of Eva, the beautiful writing with which it abounds throughout the third act being brought by her into especial prominence. On the Beckmesser of Signor Isnardon we have much praise to bestow. He sang the difficult music committed to his charge with correctness and style; but he may perhaps be accused of endowing Wagner's gnarled and desiccated pedant with some faint approach to a heartier humour than that eminently acid conception can admit of. M. Montariol, on the other hand, is perhaps somewhat wanting in richness of humour in his otherwise excellent rendering of David. The Magdalena of Mlle. Bauermeister and the Kothner of M. Winogradoff are distinctly important and agreeable features in the present interpretation. Signor Mancinelli has in the main acquitted himself creditably of his difficult task, but his departures from the tempi enforced at Bayreuth are not happy; the manner in which the overture was played was somewhat coarse and noisy, and the beautiful introduction to the third act met with inadequate treatment. There is at present a certain want of nervous accent and delicate light and shade felt throughout in the orchestra; but these are no doubt defects which will be to a great extent remedied at subsequent performances. The choruses are in the main satisfactory. We owe a debt of gratitude to Signor Mazzucato for his brilliantly successful Italian version—an admirable and arduous achievement without which satisfactory representation of *Die Meistersinger* on the Italian Opera stage would have been an impossibility.

THE GREAT PICNIC.

LONDON Society, with its accustomed enthusiasm, threw itself upon Lord's for its annual picnic on the Friday and Saturday of last week, and, inspired by the weather, in even more than its usual numbers. For days past the fortunate members of the Marylebone Club had been besieged with applications for seats, and, had tickets been purchasable, they would have commanded a high price. Not only was every seat in the members' enclosure allotted, and every place in the grand stand taken, but over a thousand "rovers" were issued, which give the privilege of sitting on a member's seat when vacant, but with the unpleasant proviso that you must turn out whenever the legitimate owner arrives. When to these have to be added the rows of drags and carriages, some four or five deep in places, and all crowded with occupants, and when the six thousand or so who paid at the gates are taken into account, a very pretty idea may be formed of the vastness of the task of providing food for such a multitude. For one thing is certain; whether they care about the match or not, all are hungry, and all mean to have a good lunch before they leave the ground. The method of this has advanced with years, like everything else. Time was when there was space enough round every carriage for hampers to be unpacked and fowls carved in a comfortable fashion; later, room became more contracted, and servants had to make cup and serve viands as best they could in a breakback attitude underneath the carriage. Chicken and champagne we always had; but we used to lodge our plates on the doorsteps and balance our glasses on the receptacles for carriage-lamps. Now the order is entirely changed, and civilization, aided by the kindly efforts of the M.C.C., has triumphantly marched on. The acquisition of the "Nursery" ground threw open wide possibilities, which have been eagerly seized upon. Huge tents have been erected, in which are rows of tables, each capable of seating about sixteen people; these may be engaged beforehand by any member, and here, seated on a comfortable chair and waited on by your host's servants, you may, and probably do, enjoy a lunch much more luxurious than you would have at home. In a still better position, perhaps, are the tables spread under the roof of the asphalté court on the same ground; for there, untouched by rain or sun, you may inhale the fresh air around you, unimpeded by the canvas walls of the tents. Some few retain their conservative predilections and adhere to the carriages, but it is to these favoured resorts that Society, as a rule, now trots across the ground when the clock strikes the welcome hour of two. It does not seem many years since an Eton master was severely commented upon because he supplemented his luncheon with ices and liqueurs, and ended with an elaborate dessert. Poor man! he was only before his time, for such things are common enough now, and excite no remark. But let not the most lavish giver of luncheons think he has done his duty if he confines his hospitalities to that meal only. Though his entertainment be so varied and profuse that it is not concluded till three o'clock, or after, by five the craving for tea will have set in, and he will meet with black looks if he is not prepared to satisfy it. Thanks to the thoughtful care of the Committee of the M.C.C., this is not so difficult a matter as formerly. They have purchased houses bordering on the ground apparently with no other object than that of gratifying this taste. One house is labelled "Hot water

may be procured here"; another "Teas provided"; but many heroically provide for themselves. One may see on the Nursery ground neat little camp-fires resting on a few bricks, and sheltered from the wind by an empty champagne-box, for the purpose of boiling water; while in other places spirit-lamps attain the same end in a still simpler way. Then at last the desires of the day are satisfied; but the cares of the host are not over, on the first day at all events. He has to go carefully over remnants, and ascertain which of his *pièces de résistance* will be presentable for the next day's lunch; he must calculate whether So-and-so, who turned up unexpectedly with two hungry friends, will put in an appearance to-morrow, and whether the strength of his party will be augmented or diminished. These are matters of anxious consideration for the male mind, which always has the direction of these affairs at Lord's; yet it must be conceded that masculine hospitality is wont to err only on the side of excess.

It would be wrong, however, to infer that increased luxury has swallowed up all interest in the game that is being played, even among the female element. On the contrary, girls play so much cricket nowadays that many are quite competent to criticize a match, and can appreciate a neat cut or a good bit of fielding. There is plenty of enthusiasm, therefore, on the ground, without taking into account the furious partisanship of the boys, or the more discriminate applause of the Pavilion. And the match was not undeserving of it. Harrow came up with a strong reputation, and, in the opinion of many good judges, were the strongest team the school had put forward for twenty years. Eton, on the other hand, have never been famous at playing a losing game, and their friends were nervous lest a terrible collapse might occur, as was the case against Winchester. Happily this did not happen; and though they lost the match, they fought it with dash and spirit. Friday was devoted to the first innings of Harrow, in which Wills, Hoare, Jackson, Napier, and Chaplin all distinguished themselves, the total reached being 272. Considering the state of the ground, this number, though large for a boys' match, could not be deemed excessive, for the Eton bowling was not formidable, and Studd, from whom most was expected, was not up to his usual form. The Eton fielding, though occasionally faulty, was never loose; and, excepting a bad miss off Jackson, there were no glaring errors in catches. When the last wicket fell at four o'clock, the rain came down, and then was to be seen one of those marvellous transformations which can only occur at Lord's. The brilliant parterre of colour changed in a moment into a dull circle of water-proofs and umbrellas; and as the rain poured on pitilessly, people sought for shelter in every direction, and a stampede towards the gates began. For once we regretted the absence of the Shah, for his observations on this curious scene would probably have been novel and interesting. Three-quarters of an hour of such a torrent were sufficient to saturate the turf hopelessly, and no more play could take place. More rain fell in the night, so that, when Eton entered on their innings on Saturday morning, they had a much more difficult wicket to play on than their opponents. Crum, Tollemache, Davenport, and Tristram each played a good innings; but the total reached was only 169—three short of the number necessary to avert a follow-on. The Harrow bowling was not so deadly as might have been expected. Jackson and Wills were very smart in the field; and Gowans, a late choice, very successful in keeping wicket. Eton's second venture produced a remarkable innings from Gosling, who was batting for forty minutes before he scored a run, and who at length achieved 35 runs in two hours and thirty-five minutes. Going in first, his was the eighth wicket to fall. Tollemache played brilliantly for 29, and Davenport hit hard and soundly for 42. Still, the total reached was only 152, leaving Harrow but 50 runs to obtain. It had been arranged that play should be continued till 7.30, so that the chances of a draw were minimized. As it happened, Harrow knocked off the required runs with the loss of only one wicket, with a quarter of an hour in hand. The victors were deservedly cheered, the defeated Eleven commiserated, the crowd dispersed, hampers were packed up, and the great Picnic of 1889 was over.

THE THEATRES.

IT was, no doubt, the interest aroused by the recent production of Ibsen's *Doll's House* at the Novelty Theatre rather than its success which moved the manager of the Opera Comique to bring out the same writer's *Pillars of Society* for the benefit of Miss Véra Beringer on Wednesday afternoon. The excellent translation of the play by Mr. William Archer has been accessible in book form for some time; but it may perhaps not be out of place to mention that the piece tells the story of a successful and hypocritical shipowner, one Consul Bernick by name, who is the leading man of a small, but rising, Norwegian coast-town. Bernick has built his fortune on the "ruin of another's fame," that other being his brother-in-law, Johan Tønnesen. The piece opens with the return of Tønnesen from America. This extraordinary person, who surely has no existence out of Ibsen's play, though he had cheerfully borne the ignominy attaching to one who has betrayed a woman, in order to save his brother-in-law's reputation in the little town, is naturally resentful when he discovers on his return that Bernick has repaid his kindness by allowing him to labour under the suspicion of robbing the till. Now it happened that at this

time Bernick was just about to complete the arrangements for carrying out a large and delicate financial operation, and the disclosures which Tønnesen threatened would have involved him in absolute ruin; so that when the latter, with wonderful forbearance, proposes to go to America during the two months' grace which he grants Bernick, the shipowner readily allows him to take his departure in a vessel which he knows to be unseaworthy. The ship does not go to sea after all, and Bernick, brought to see the error of his ways by the influence of the heroine, confesses his crimes, with some reservation, it is true, in the matter of the ship, to a deputation of his fellow-townsmen, promises to "share his life-work" with his wife, and do all things that are to be expected from a good Ibsenite. These old materials are very skilfully used, and the piece is full of those fine touches which are rarely absent from Ibsen's work, if we may judge from the specimens which have been translated into English. As there seems to be some likelihood, however, of our stage being deluged with dramas closely modelled on Ibsen's method, it is not inopportune to point out some of the more glaring faults in the piece we are now considering.

The *Pillars of Society* is constructed on a method of false realism, and inasmuch as the trivial treads closely on the heels of the untrue, the play often degenerates into the merest *enfantillage*. No doubt Norwegian manners and morals are different to, if not better than, those of "The Great World"; but it is difficult to believe that even in Norway Bernick's perfectly legitimate attempt to make a fortune out of the railway scheme would be considered dishonest. The means he employed are perfectly familiar to business men of unimpeachable honour all over the world. The real blot on the piece from an artistic point of view is the conclusion. If the curtain had fallen on the powerful scene where Bernick believes that his only son had run away to America on board the coffin ship which he had allowed his brother-in-law to sail in, a very fine effect would have been attained. But the opportunity of dragging in a tedious woman, with her dreary cant about "full lives," "sharing life-work," and the rest, was not to be lost, so that, as in the *Doll's House*, an excellent acting play is spoilt in order that the author may air his views on the influence of woman in a place and at a time eminently unsuited for the ventilation of such a subject. It must also be borne in mind that these plays were, in a great measure, written in order to satirize the detested middle class. The satire is of the poorest quality, much as it may delight an audience dulled by Socialistic oratory. Such satire, indeed, would not have been fit to season the revolutionary tracts that filled the tinker's pack of Mr. Sprott of happy memory. Let the vices of the middle class, or any other class, be ridiculed by all means; but let not the ears of an audience to whom the voice of Mr. Pecksniff is familiar be insulted by the fustian of Consul Bernick and his fellows. In conclusion, it is pleasant to be able to praise the acting and stage management unreservedly, if an exception be made in the case of Miss Geneviève Ward, whose acting was hardly as good as might have been expected from the character of the part of Lona Hessel, which ought to suit her peculiar style admirably. The recitation of "Ostler Joe" by Mrs. Kendal, and the ever-delightful "Three Fishers," sung by Mme. Antoinette Sterling, concluded the performance.

Mr. Tree's closing performances for the season at the Haymarket, consisting of revivals, have been treated in as careful and masterly a manner as if the plays were presented for the first time to a critical public. Mr. Tree's Gringoire, in *The Ballad-monger*, has gained immensely in force and tenderness, and suggests even more than before that there is a vast field at the actor's command in the region of romantic drama. Mr. Brookfield's Louis XI. has also gained in all the detail of byplay which goes so far to make up a fine rendering of a part, and has gained especially in tragic impressiveness in the speech in which the King grows furious against the mob without. Miss Norreys gives to Loyse a singular charm of grace, pathos, and of the simplicity which comes of finished art; and Mr. Allan repeats with new skill and new perception what was before a very good performance of Olivier. In *The Red Lamp* Mr. Tree could hardly better his Demetrius; nor could Mrs. Tree well improve her exquisite and forceful presentation of the Princess. Mr. Brookfield is, even for him, strangely plausible and natural in the part of Zazzulich—a part very easy to either miss or overaccentuate. There is not an intonation or a gesture in Mr. Brookfield's performance which one could wish other than it is. Mr. Allan has, again, improved on his former reading of Kertch; and Miss Norreys was charming as Olga. The play is one which we must hope to see retained in Mr. Tree's repertory.

THE BANK DIVIDENDS.

THE inference to be drawn from the bank dividends declared for the past half-year and the reports that have yet appeared is, that banks depend much more largely now than they formerly did upon Stock Exchange business for their profits. Trade is undoubtedly much better than it was twelve months ago. It is still steadily increasing. And as wages are rising in every direction, and for the most part prices also, it would seem to follow that the demand for trade purposes for accommodation from bankers must be larger than it was in the first half of last year. And yet only a small minority of the banks have declared higher

dividends than they did this time last year. Of the purely metropolitan banks, only one, the London and Westminster, pays a dividend at a higher rate, the rate for the past half-year being 16 per cent. per annum, and for the first half of last year 14 per cent. per annum. Of the banks which are both metropolitan and provincial, only one also pays a higher rate of dividend—14 per cent. per annum against 12½ per cent. per annum twelve months ago. Of purely provincial banks, only four pay higher rates of dividend. Roughly, that is to say, about four-fifths of the banks declare the same rate of dividend now that they did twelve months ago. It is true that in a few cases the capital of the banks has been increased, and consequently it requires a larger amount to pay the same rate of dividend. It is also true that many of the banks carry forward a larger amount of undistributed profits to the new half-year than they did twelve months ago. But the increased amount so carried forward is not sufficient to allow of any addition to the rate of dividend. No doubt the dividends twelve months ago were highly satisfactory, and shareholders have no cause to complain that the rate is maintained. Nevertheless, it is probable that most of them expected an increase, not only because, as we have just been observing, trade is much better now than it was a year ago, but also because the rate of discount has, taking the whole half-year together, been higher than it was in the corresponding period of last year. The average rate of discount of the Bank of England for the six months ended with June last was a trifle over 3 per cent., whereas in the first half of 1888 it was a trifle under 2½ 12s. per cent. per annum. And the average rate of discount in the open market during the past six months was 2½ 2s. per cent. per annum, against 1½ 11s. 11d. in the first half of last year. The first and the principal explanation, no doubt, is, as we have said above, that the banks now look to the Stock Exchange rather than to trade proper for the profitable employment of their funds. Speculation has been much less active so far this year than in the corresponding period of 1888; firstly, no doubt, because prices are so high as to discourage the more cautious from engaging in new ventures, but chiefly because of the difficulties accumulated in Paris in consequence of the failure, in such quick succession, of the Panama Canal Company, the Comptoir d'Escompte, and the Société des Môtaux. The intervention on the failure of the Comptoir d'Escompte of the Bank of France and other great banks to support the Paris Bourse, and thereby prevent a crisis, for a little while stimulated a wild speculation. But that speculation came to an end in a few weeks, and since Easter business upon the Stock Exchanges of Europe has been much less active than for some years past. There has, in consequence, been but slight demand for loans from bankers for Stock Exchange purposes. And although, therefore, the rate of discount has been higher than in the first half of last year, the rate of interest has, upon the whole, been lower, at all events upon Stock Exchange transactions. The falling off in Stock Exchange business has fully counterbalanced the increased activity in trade operations, and has thus disabled the banks generally from increasing their rates of dividend.

Another cause of the comparative stationariness of dividends is the small return now made upon investments. As bankers have found that they cannot employ remuneratively all their funds in discounting bills and making loans to merchants and manufacturers, they have turned more and more, not only to the Stock Exchange for the employment of those funds, but also to investment proper. But the high prices to which securities have now risen, and the numerous conversions that have lately taken place, have materially reduced the interest derivable from investments. For example, at the present time the holder of a million Consols derives 2,500l. a year less from his investment than he did before Conversion. And it is to be recollected that interest is being reduced, not upon Consols only, but upon the debts of all States which have high credit. Further, it is to be borne in mind that during the past six months new issues have not been of such large amount as in the first half of last year, and, therefore, have not yielded to bankers as large profits. Lastly, we would remind our readers that there has been a very considerable import of gold since the beginning of the year. It will be in the recollection of our readers that last autumn the export of gold became so large that the rate of discount had to be raised again and again. For a while it was feared that a monetary crisis might be brought about. To prevent this, extraordinary efforts were made to attract gold. And during the half-year, and more particularly during the past three months, very large amounts of the metal have been imported. The result of this import in conjunction with the falling off in Stock Exchange business was, that rates of interest and discount fell rapidly. In the month of January the Bank of England reduced its rate of discount, by three successive steps, from 5 to 3 per cent., and somewhat later it lowered it to 2½ per cent. In the outside market the fall in the discount rate was even more rapid. For a considerable time past the open market rate has ranged from a little over 1 per cent. to about 1½ per cent. Although, therefore, the average rate of discount both of the Bank of England and of the open market has been higher than in the first half of last year, the tendency of rates has been almost uniformly downwards. But it is always found that profits are less easily made in a falling than in a rising market. In the case of bankers, for example, it is not possible for them to reduce the rates they allow upon deposits as rapidly as the rate of discount falls. They can easily enough put down the rates they allow upon new deposits. But it is a slower

process to lower the rates they allow upon old deposits. The consequence has been that the difference between the rates which bankers have been paying upon deposits lodged with them and the rates which they have been receiving upon loans and discounts has not been larger materially than in the first half of last year. These causes of stationariness to which we have just now been referring have been, however, less effective than the falling off in Stock Exchange business. Had the demand for the Stock Exchange been really active it would have rapidly absorbed the additional supplies in the hands of bankers, and would, therefore, have raised very considerably the rates both of interest and discount. It is, then, the state of the Stock Exchange more than anything else that explains the comparative stationariness of bank dividends at the present time.

For the half-year upon which we have now entered the prospects of bank shareholders are decidedly brighter. There is little probability that much more gold will be received from abroad, while there is almost a certainty that very considerable amounts of the metal will have to be exported. The demand for it in Paris continues strong, and, it is feared, will increase, while as the year advances there are sure to be, as there always are, large demands for other foreign countries. This of itself will force up the rates of interest and discount. Besides, holiday-making and harvesting will necessitate the withdrawal from London of considerable amounts of both coin and notes, and in the autumn there will be the usual withdrawals of gold for the English provinces, for Ireland, and Scotland. Trade is still improving, and may reasonably be expected to be more active than ever in the autumn if peace is preserved. Besides, it is reasonable to expect that speculation on the Stock Exchange, which has been dormant for some months past, will revive as soon as the holidays are over. Good trade at home and abroad, and abundant harvests in America as well as in Western and Central Europe, will tend to stimulate it; while it is known that the great capitalists all over the world have entered into contracts with Governments, trading Companies, and municipalities for new issues of all kinds as well as for fresh conversions. If peace is preserved, it will be the interest of those great capitalists, therefore, to support markets, as the phrase goes—that is, to buy largely in order to encourage the speculative classes to apply for the new loans and Companies that are to be brought out. If speculation revives, the demand for loans for the Stock Exchange will increase, and will further send up rates of interest and discount. In a rising market bankers will be able to make larger profits, and therefore, unless some unforeseen, untoward accident occurs, bank shareholders may reasonably look forward to higher dividends at the end of the new half-year.

OTELLO, AS MUSIC AND DRAMA.

IT is a common imputation of the enemies of Italian Opera that the traditions and method of the Italian lyric stage are extremely unfavourable to the dramatic singer. Whenever a great artist did by chance as it were arise, he was said to triumph by genius over difficulties, and not to have found in Italian Opera a congenial and even fostering environment. The question whether a German could have wit has not been more frequently provoked than the equally interesting problem that involves the possibility of the operatic tenor being an actor. The latter problem has been repeatedly solved, it is true, and on the Italian stage, while on the German stage it is the vocal capacity that is generally woefully deficient. Signor Tamagno's Otello is one of the most remarkable examples of the conjunction of the tenor and the actor in our times. M. Maurel's Iago, again, is unquestionably one of those exceedingly rare impersonations that are perfect in both aspects. It would be hard to say whether the intellectual pleasure it affords is derived more from the singer's gifts than from the actor's resources. For once, at last, we have the exceptional opportunity of testing the true value and scope of music in the representation of drama. And it is obvious that both these fine performances of M. Maurel and Signor Tamagno are great examples, because they interpret a great work with singular fidelity and sympathy, and not because the artists triumph over those supposed disabling conventions which some persons imagine to be inseparable from the Italian operatic stage. The artistic relations of the drama and music, concerning which there has been rather more of contention among theorists than of practical demonstration among composers, are illustrated in Signor Verdi's latest opera with such remarkable freshness and force and such unfaltering consistency to a noble ideal, that it is impossible to doubt the immense influence the work must exercise on the dramatic music of the future. In *Otello* the union of the drama and music is attained without the least violation of the legitimate functions of the one field of art or the other. How far this masterpiece of the popular composer will reconcile opposing factions it were difficult to forecast, and is perhaps a question of little importance; but it cannot be doubted that this mature work of Signor Verdi's versatile and prolific genius will greatly modify the views of those who are altogether in antagonism to Italian Opera. Some few years since the approaching extinction of Italian Opera was confidently proclaimed by a little sect of Wagnerian devotees; now the institution flourishes as it has not flourished these twenty years past, and in its latest development, in *Otello*, we have an example of dramatic opera

essentially modern in its rejection of old conventions and artifices, yet retaining the distinguishing characteristics and following the independent method of the Italian School. There is a finer accord between the poet's work and the composer's music than heretofore. But there is no breaking away from the old canons of art in the composer's treatment of the orchestra in relation to the voice, and this is as clearly manifest in the more elaborate concerted numbers as in such purely lyrical settings as the plaintive "Willow" song in the final act.

One of the most notable points in *Otello* is the extraordinary power and clearness with which the composer has realized the dramatic conception and exalted it. Too many are the instances in opera where the poet and composer appear unequally yoked, and employ different, if not discordant, interpretative channels. There are numberless persons, naturally susceptible to musical impressions, for whom the musician's view of music as the ally and co-exponent of dramatic art is almost, if not quite, unintelligible. They appreciate in a song or ballad, accompanied by a single instrument, the union of perfect music and noble words; but "dramatic music," in which action and development share, and the full resources of the orchestra are employed, is either a phrase of little meaning or so complex as to defy definition. The musician's theory is lucid and sound; though, when tested by stage representation, it seldom carries conviction to the mind of the old playgoer. Musicians are in agreement as to the advantages that should accrue to the drama when wedded to music. By exalting speech into song—which includes, of course, declamation and recitation—the art of the dramatic poet receives a finer interpretation, and, as the late Sir George Macfarren has it, increased clearness and more varied significance. This is an ideal seldom attained, save by the greatest masters; but it is suggested with singular fulness at the Lyceum by *Otello*. Even the old playgoer, who would relegate music to the chamber or concert-room, must abate his scepticism considerably should he study the fine performances of M. Maurel as Iago and Signor Tamagno as Otello, and will inevitably class M. Maurel's masterly acting among his most memorable experiences of the stage. Fortunately for all alike, the musical and non-musical, Signor Boito's admirable version of Shakespeare's play, by its condensed form, its spirit and fidelity, facilitates the process of conversion in those persons whose estimate of the capacities of dramatic music is unstable. It has been well said that M. Maurel's acting deserves in itself the keenest study. His superb voice and perfect method are equally notable. The perfidious frankness of "honest Iago" is suggested with inconceivable subtlety in that scene of exquisite invention where the dreaming Cassio murmurs of "sweet Desdemona," and in the not less wonderful acting in the "proof" scene, where Cassio produces the handkerchief. The extraordinary mobility of face, the infinite expression of features, the finely graduated alternations of sweetness and malevolence, the inscrutable smile, the eyes that flash or lower—seductive, or frank, or boding—produce an impression the intensity and profundity of which are beyond all analysis. You are haunted by its Protean wealth of suggestiveness. From the musical point of view the climax is reached in the passionate soliloquy, "Credo in un dio crudel," a characteristic interpolation of Signor Boito, the music to which is worthy of comparison with the terrible and sinister scene in *Fidelio* wherein the spirit of Pizarro is poured forth in tempest. Here, beyond all question, the force of interpretation could not be surpassed, and the composer would risk much if the part were entrusted to other hands. And as much is due to Signor Tamagno, whose magnificent voice is of the miraculous order, whose Otello is prodigiously imposing, and offers several striking points in the acting which our confident young actors might better themselves by studying. It is a pity that the Desdemona of Signora Catanéo falls short of the general excellence of the Lyceum company; nevertheless it must be said of *Otello* that "music and poetry agree," not in the mere lyrical meaning of the poet, but in the larger sphere of dramatic art, and the demonstration is of the most convincing and complete kind that has ever been produced on the stage.

RECENT CONCERTS.

DURING the past fortnight the number of concerts has at length shown signs of diminishing, and the end of the exceptionally busy musical season seems drawing near. July is not usually a month of much activity in the musical world, or at least in that portion of it which is made up of concert-givers and concert-goers; and what few entertainments of the kind have taken place which demand notice do not rely for their attractiveness upon any special novelty. Such performances as Mrs. Mudie-Bolingbroke's Evening Concert on the 3rd, in which the concert-giver was assisted by Fräulein Olga Isler—a German soprano with a somewhat thin voice, but possessed of considerable executive talent—Mrs. Mary Davies, and Messrs. Tivadar Nachéz and Arthur Friedheim, or that given by Herr Waldemar Meyer on the following evening, which was only remarkable for the opportunity it afforded of comparing the different styles (each excellent in its way) of two English contraltos—Mme. Patey and Miss Wakefield—call for little more than bare mention. The same remarks apply to the State Concert given at the Albert Hall on the 5th inst. to the Shah of Persia, when, in spite of the excellent singing of Mr. Barnby's Choir

and the solos contributed by such artists as Mme. Albani, Mme. Patey, and Messrs. Edward Lloyd and Watkins Mills, the musical interest of the performance was by common consent acknowledged to be entirely secondary. Two concerts given on the afternoon of Saturday, the 6th, deserve somewhat more attention. At Prince's Hall, Herr Max Heinrich, assisted by Miss Lena Little and Herren Schönberger and Hess, performed an interesting programme of pianoforte and violin music, songs, and duets. Herr Heinrich is to be thanked for producing three of Schubert's least-known, but finest, songs—namely, "An Schwager Kronos," "Sehnsucht," and "Die Taubenpost"—each of which is in its way a gem, and most characteristic of the wonderful versatility of the Viennese master. The first-named, in particular, is admirably suited to the declamatory style of the German-American singer, who was also heard to advantage in Schumann's "Die beiden Grenadiere" and Jensen's fine, but little known, song "Alt Heidelberg, du feine," besides taking part with Miss Little in two duets by Brahms. Herr Hess's excellent playing of Bach's "Chaconne" is also worthy of mention, and the concert cannot be let pass without a word of praise to Herr Schönberger, who, besides taking part with the violinist in Mr. Oliver King's well-written, if not very interesting, Sonata in D minor, and playing three solos of his own composition, accompanied all the vocal numbers in a manner which considerably added to the completeness and excellence of the performance. Such an example deserves to be followed by other pianists, for both singers and audiences have much to complain of in the way in which accompaniments are too often played, even at concerts of the first rank. On the same afternoon as Herr Heinrich's concert, the veteran English tenor, Mr. Sims Reeves, gave a long concert at St. James's Hall, when he once more proved how a good method of vocalization can triumph over the ravages of time. The programme mostly consisted of well-known songs, the concert-giver himself singing Blumenthal's "Message" and Balfe's "Come into the Garden, Maud," both of which were greeted with a perfect storm of applause from the crowded audience. An interesting feature in the concert was the performance of Curschmann's "Dithyrambo," "Eviva Bacco," by Messrs. Sims Reeves, Edward Lloyd, and Ben Davies. It is not often that an opportunity is afforded of hearing three such tenors of English origin together. The other artists who took part in the concert were Mme. Antoinette Sterling, Mlle. Marie van Zandt, Signor Foli, the Boston Lotus Glee Club, and a clever pianist from St. Petersburg, Mlle. Hélène de Duncan, who made a successful first appearance in this country in solos by Chopin and Liszt. Mr. Henry Irving and Mr. Toole also contributed familiar recitations.

The last Richter concert of the season, which took place on Monday the 8th, was devoted entirely to the performance of Berlioz's *Faust*, the principal solos in which were taken by Mrs. Mary Davies (vice Mme. Nordica, who had been originally announced to appear), Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Herr Max Heinrich. The performance, so far as the orchestra and soloists went, was worthy of Herr Richter's reputation as a conductor; but it is difficult to understand how he can have been satisfied with the singing of the chorus, which was both slovenly and inaccurate, and far inferior to what London audiences have been accustomed to hear in this work. The Richter Choir evidently needs thoroughly reorganizing; until this is done it would be better altogether to avoid performing elaborate choral works. That admirable artist, Mme. Backer-Gröndahl, whose advent is one of the most noteworthy features of the past season, gave an interesting concert at Prince's Hall on the afternoon of the 13th, when an opportunity was afforded of hearing her in several solos by Schumann and Chopin, as well as in her own graceful compositions. Her performances at the Philharmonic Concerts showed that, as an interpreter not only of the romantic music of her fellow-countryman, Grieg, but also in the great compositions of Beethoven, she is a performer of rare ability and power. Her playing of a selection of pieces by Schumann was not so satisfactory, not from any technical defects, but because her readings are opposed to those to which English audiences are accustomed, and with which they have been made familiar by Mme. Schumann. Mme. Backer-Gröndahl was assisted by Miss Louise Phillips and Herr Johanne Wolff, the former of whom sang with great charm and finish seven songs by the concert-giver, all of which were most favourably received, and are likely to become general favourites, owing to their spontaneity and freshness. The Dutch violinist took part in Grieg's Violin Sonata, Op. 45, which he played in all respects excellently. The same cannot be said of his performance of an extremely meretricious Polonaise by Laub, or of an equally worthless piece which he played for an encore in response to the applause bestowed upon his playing by an indiscriminating audience.

REVIEWS.

THE RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM.*

IN October 1884, when there was no small political stir about the Lumsden mission to Central Asia, that well-known artist

* *Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*. Translated by Justin Huntly McCarthy, M.P. London: David Nutt. 1889.

Mr. William Simpson managed to find time to pay a visit to the tomb of Omar Khayyam, tent-maker, astronomer, and poet, in company with the Chief of the mission. The tomb is about two miles south of the city of Nishapur or Nishabor, as it is sometimes written. Mr. Simpson describes the burial-place as surrounded by a blue dome, never architecturally beautiful, and at the time of his visit much in decay and disrepair. And to add to the unpleasant effect caused by the fall of plaster and the litter of bricks, the burial-place of the poet-philosopher was overshadowed by that of a deceased Imamzadah. One Mahomed Maruk, the brother of Imam Reza, the eighth Imam, who lies at Meshed, is buried in Omar's garden of roses, and we apprehend, in the opinion of the neighbours, takes precedence of a man who, by his own account, seems to have been much given to strong drink. There is little discrepancy in the account of the poet's life, whatever there may be in the interpretation of his writings. He was born in the fifth century of the Hegira and the eleventh of the Christian era, and he lived under no less than five of the Seljukian kings. He studied theology and philosophy under a learned doctor, a Sunni, and had for his fellow-students two men who afterwards figured conspicuously in Oriental history. One is known as Nizam-al-Mulk, the Minister of Alp Arslan. The other became the head of the worshipful Fraternity of Assassins, and eventually procured the death of his fellow-student and benefactor, Nizam-al-Mulk. Omar Khayyam wisely preferred a life of retirement and ease to promotion at Court. An assessment on the revenues of Nishapur assured him of a competence. He was placed in charge of the Royal Observatory, reformed the Calendar, wrote some mathematical treatises, and is now best known by his *Rubaiyat*, or short poem in stanzas of four lines. The manuscripts of this work are not numerous and they vary considerably in length. No copy exists at the India Office. One was discovered by Dr. Sprenger at Lucknow. There is one in the Bodleian Library and there are others at Shiraz and Teheran. The late Mr. Fitzgerald, as is well known, first brought the *Rubaiyat* to the notice of the public in 1858. Two hundred copies of his version were printed, offered for five shillings, and ultimately sold for a penny apiece. Later editions met with more favour, and it has been recently the fashion to go into rhapsodies over the poet of Nishapur as if he were a second Lucretius. M. Nicolas, a French translator in 1847, held the opinion that by wine and wassail Omar only means the Deity. Mr. Whinfield's elegant translation, with notes and a preface, was published in 1882.

Mr. Justin McCarthy has turned from the History of his father and the politics of his countrymen to find distraction in poetry, and has learnt the Persian language sufficiently to translate Omar Khayyam into prose. And by way of accentuating his adoration he has printed the whole of his book in capital letters. Words fail him when he tries to express his feelings. The *Rubaiyat* is a new revelation. He has drunk its red wine from an enchanted chalice. He carried a small copy with him to Venice and to the fairest cities of Italy. He thought it superior to Tasso and Horace. Omar to him became a religion. We are not surprised when we are told that Mr. McCarthy became a burden to his friends. All this seems to have happened from a perusal of the spirited translation by Mr. Fitzgerald. What Mr. McCarthy's feelings are now, when he has given us a version nearer the original than those of Mr. Fitzgerald and Mr. Whinfield, can only be surmised. His best wish would, however, be fulfilled if some traveller would kindly take a copy of his, Mr. McCarthy's work, and cast it in the dust before the tomb described by Mr. Simpson. It is a pity that this could not have been done when Sir P. Lumsden went out to Penjdeh.

That in Omar Khayyam's short poem we find traces of a philosophical, inquiring, and reflecting mind is indisputable. He was evidently a man of originality; perplexed, as many have been before and since his time, by the mysteries of human existence. He cannot make out why man was formed, whence he came, or whither he is going. Life to him is a chessboard, on which the pawns are moved by a Higher Power. The Heavens are like a lamp; the sun is a candlestick; the earth is a shade. Again, the world is a body, and God is its soul. Angels are its senses, and its limbs are represented by living beings. All the wise and pious men who ever lived are asses and sounding drums. They tell stories about the skies, but never solve their riddles. Mullas would do better to sip wines, and sport with Houris beneath shady trees. With all these free opinions there are mixed dicta about predestination, the inability of the clay to prevail with the potter, the hollowness of friendship, the uselessness of prayer, the hypocrisy of devotees, the inutility of mosques and fasting, prohibited pleasures, impure bodies, and misused lives. That all these reflections should come from a Mohammedan who wrote from the neighbourhood of the desert, in the eleventh century of our era, in the most polished of Oriental languages, without plagiarism as far as we can see, and with a vigour of style and independence of thought which brought down on him the wrath of the orthodox Mussulman party, is doubtless a matter to merit literary recognition. But it may fairly be asked whether the terms in which Mr. McCarthy and some very eminent Orientalists and poets have spoken of this rhyming wine-bibbing recluse and astronomer are not trifle extravagant. For, after all, to what does this Oriental Agnosticism lead? Why, to revelry and drunkenness, as we shall prove from the mouth of Omar and his translator. Possibly, as the

manuscripts hitherto discovered do not contain exactly the same number of stanzas, Mr. McCarthy may have hit on a copy in which too much space is allotted to one topic. Mr. Whinfield in his preface informs us that one manuscript has only 31 stanzas, another 158, a third 464, and a fourth as many as 800. But this is how Omar speaks in Mr. McCarthy's version. People who drink no wine and plume themselves on temperance may commit deeds thousand times more vile than honest drunkenness. Omar would like to grasp the Koran in one hand and the cup in the other. Even if wine does not lead him to the goal of his desires, he will not turn back on his path. A hundred miracles become clear to him when drunk. A Sage appeared to the poet in a dream, and bade him drink wine as he would soon sleep sound enough beneath the earth. Make most of time, he says, when the spring is bursting and when blossoms adorn the trees. A drop of wine is worth all the kingdoms of the earth, and the tile that covers the jar is worth a thousand lives. Omar would prefer a flagon of wine, a crust of bread, and a book to the enjoyment of power. When he dies, he would like a wine-flagon to be made out of his dust. He would wish to drink from the beginning of the week to the end—the Mohammedan Friday included. An old man seen drunk at the door of a tavern inspired him only with slight disgust. A nightingale sang in his ear, and told him to make the most of his time. There is no paradise like a limpid stream in meadow, and a mistress as fair as the Houris. He would sell a diadem for the flute of a female minstrel, and a turban and silk for a cup of wine. If the Evil One himself had tasted wine he would have bowed himself before Adam. Omar is ready to go to the tavern at the dawn of day. Wine, in short, is everything—life, devotion, friendship, and a crown. And the moment in which wine makes a man happy is better than the rewards of this world or the next. What, we may ask, would be thought of the poetry of Horace if he had done nothing but repeat *nunc est bibendum* in every other ode, or what should we think of Burns if he had made Willie for ever brew a peck of maut, and invite Rob and Allan to a carousal for seven days in the week?

If critics, translators, and Orientalists are determined to find the scattered members of a poet everywhere in these stanzas of a toper, we cannot say them nay; and it is to be admitted that when Omar is sober he handles topics of which we find traces in Arthur Clough, in Matthew Arnold, in Thackeray, and in that Hebrew monarch who, as Thackeray sings, wrote about the vanity of vanities under the solemn cedars. We are quite ready to allow that Omar's poetry of the tavern is diversified by some pithy aphorisms, some philosophical reflections, and some pointed remarks on fate, free-will, predestination, and other crucial questions familiar to those who wander dreamily on the borderland between doubt and belief. But his tendency leads him to melancholy, if not to despair. Friendship is not to be sought. Your best friend is your worst enemy. All things here below are visionary. Abandon all search after the unattainable, and give yourself up to the joys of the present time. Then in a more thoughtful strain we are warned that to be good is everything, that to be over-careful only leads to trouble, that the fire of hate is not to be fed with the breath of passion, that the world is only a caravanserai, that the slave who repents will be pardoned by a generous master, that the foreknowledge of God must not be made the support or excuse for sin, that the Almighty is slow to punish and swift to pardon, that it is better to lighten one sad soul than to people a world, and more noble to capture one free man with charity than to liberate a thousand slaves; and that if we can only understand the motions of the wheel (of Heaven) we shall perceive that there are two kinds of men, those who know good and evil and those who know neither themselves nor anything else. On reading these and similar sentiments we are glad to forget some very questionable expressions, dignified with the title of poetical sublimity, in which Omar, provided he can get drunk, bids adieu to thoughts of good or evil, and prays that if God will not begin to build the world again the name of Omar may be blotted out from the Book of Life.

While we entertain a due sense of the labour, scholarship, and criticism which the translators of the *Rubaiyat* have shown, and of the great poetry into which one of them has translated it, we have found the best notice of Omar Khayyam in an article contributed to the *Calcutta Review* just thirty years ago by Mr. E. B. Cowell, the inspirer of Mr. Fitzgerald himself. That profound Orientalist shows that Omar with his philosophical insight had not made the wiser choice. His poetry, says this gentleman, is a poetry of animal life, and, for all his resolute will, lively feelings, and scientific knowledge, he misused his powers and wasted his strength. In justice to his recent translator we subjoin a few extracts, and have compared them with Mr. Whinfield's version. To bring Mr. McCarthy's prose alongside of either of the poetical versions of his predecessors is no easy task. Different manuscripts have been consulted by each translator. The order and sequence of the originals are not the same; and we have searched Mr. Whinfield's edition, as well as the recent edition of Mr. Fitzgerald's work by Mr. Wright, for the same stanzas, often without success. But the following quotations give a fair notion of the general tenor of the poem.

Mr. McCarthy says:—

Give me a flagon of red wine, a book of verses, a loaf of bread, and a little idleness. If with such store I might sit by thy dear side in some lonely place, I should deem myself happier than a king in his kingdom.

This in Mr. Whinfield's verse becomes:—

Give me a flask of wine, a crust of bread,
A quiet mind, a book of verse to read.
With thee, O Love, to share my lowly roof,
I would not take the Sultan's crown instead.

This tune of "Hoc erat in votis" was sung, not unsuccessfully, by the late Charles Lever when he told us about the Pope, the Sultan, and their happy lives, in *Harry Lorrequer*.

Again, Mr. McCarthy translates his author:—

The drop of water sorrowed to be sundered from the ocean. Ocean, smiling, said:—We are all in all, God is within and around us; and we are divided by an imperceptible point.

This with Mr. Whinfield is rendered:—

The drop wept for his severance from the sea,
But the sea smiled, "for I am all," said he.
"And nought exists outside my unity:
My one point circling, apes plurality."

We give the preference to the simpler prose of this quatrain. As an example of want of continuity, we observe that in his next stanza Mr. McCarthy sighs for a place of rest or wishes to be born again after a hundred thousand years, while Mr. Whinfield flies off to bulbuls and roses that blossom and fade. In the next and our last quotation Mr. McCarthy's version strikes us as the best:—

Poor man, thy passion, like unto a watch-dog, gives forth hollow sounds. It masks the wiles of the fox, it seeks the sleep of the hare; it blends in one the rage of the tiger with the hunger of the wolf.

Mr. Whinfield turns this into:—

These raging passions their poor souls oppress,
As dogs, with noisy barks, the house distress.
Foxes are they in craft, and hares in sloth;
In fury tigers, wolves in wantonness.

Slothful hares and wanton wolves only become intelligible when read in Mr. McCarthy's version. After all, we must own a preference for Lalage compared to Leila; and we should still take Horace for a pocket-companion in our rambles, and not Omar Khayyam as he was by himself he.

NOVELS.*

THE main purpose of Miss Annie Thomas's novel appears to be to show the utmost space of time during which a villain, who is also an unparalleled idiot, can continue to perpetrate bigamous villainies without being found out, in spite of doing everything imaginable to ensure detection, short of explicitly announcing the fact to both ladies and to all his acquaintance. The author puts it at something less than a year, and this is how it fell out. An evil-minded, ill-mannered, dull, and singularly unattractive person named Phillipps inherited a lucrative partnership in a commercial undertaking, and at the same time developed into Phillipps-Twysden. In that character he wooed, won, and married the beauteous Violet, and to them was born a son Jack. After a few years of wedded discord Jack's papa went to Plymouth unknown to his wife, calling himself Phillipps, so that no one might suspect who he was. When he got there he heard that one Florence Arle was going to a fancy ball in the character of Marguerite—or, as purists or Scotchmen would say, Gretchen. It occurred to him that a female with so delightful a name as Florence Arle must be surpassingly charming, and he therefore went to the ball dressed as Faust. Florence Arle turned out to be an ordinary sort of girl, not quite a lady, and with "starry green-grey eyes." So, after a deal of fussing, and one or two narrow escapes, owing to the circumstance that Florence Arle knew some people who knew some other people whom Phillipps in his character of Phillipps-Twysden knew, Miss Arle went through the form of marriage, and her betrayer set to work making muddled schemes for being in two places at once. Before long came a fatal day when the alleged Mrs. Phillipps (Florence) asked Mrs. Phillipps-Twysden (Violet) to lunch. The bigamous monster heard of the impending entertainment, and, indeed, was pressed by Florence to take part in it. With superhuman cunning he stole the several large photographs of himself which were the principal ornaments of Florence's apartments. Florence was much annoyed at their disappearance, and completely remedied it, as far as practical purposes went, by showing Violet a miniature of the faithless one which she wore on a string round her neck. This incident upset the apple-cart—indeed, both the apple-carts. Violet held her tongue; but she kicked the bigamist out of a large country-house which she had recently inherited. In the course of a few days Florence also discovered the fraud of which she had been a victim. She made up her mind that it was not worth while to make disturbance, so she quietly withdrew, and the poor bigamist was left without any wife at all. Then his heart yearned after his son Jack, and he went down to Violet's country-house; and she gave him dinner, and

* *That Other Woman.* A Novel. By Annie Thomas (Mrs. Pender Cudlipp), Author of "Denis Donne" &c. &c. London: F. V. White & Co. 1889.

Past Forgiveness? By Lady Margaret Majendie, Author of "Fascination" &c. &c. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1889.

Clara Strong. A Novel. By G. Beresford Fitzgerald, F.S.A., Author of "Lillian" &c. London: F. V. White & Co. 1889.

sent him to sleep at the public-house; and that night the mansion caught fire, and Phillips-Twysden saved the lives of Violet and her son, but was himself consumed in the flames. Florence married a bore who had for many years been desperately in love with Violet. The plot is the worst part of this novel. Granting that it is profitable, or even lawful, to tell such a story, it is fairly well told, and written in moderately good English, without any solecisms worse than a duchess addressing a baronet by his surname in a moment of expansive emotion.

Past Forgiveness? is all about French people; and it has pleased Lady Margaret Majendie to remind the reader every now and then that the people are French by making them utter literal translations of French phrases. "Little young girls" are mentioned three or four times; and "in a situation of the most romantic" is a not exceptionally hideous example of the absurdity of trying to write French in English words. The hero is a young man of literary genius, and a great prig, whose throat "swelled with a sense of gladness when he was able to release a fellow-creature from pain." The heroine, a "little young girl" fresh from a convent, caught him starving, restored him to life, and married him. But they had an enemy, who was very wicked, and rather mad. (At least, if he was not mad, the genius was, because each was persuaded that the other had stolen his ideas and MSS., and published them in a highly successful book. Lady Margaret seems quite satisfied that the hero was sane and the villain mad, but although this view is to some extent borne out by the fact that "the villain it was that died," we confess to a suspended judgment.) Hence ensued dangers and catastrophes, which need not be further revealed than by the intimation that their main scheme bears a curiously close resemblance to that of *The Cloister and the Hearth*. Lady Margaret Majendie is unfortunately a writer of incomparably less vigour, liveliness, and originality than Mr. Charles Reade. For these weaknesses she is, perhaps, not entirely responsible, but she would do well to imitate her predecessor in the attention which he bestowed, or is supposed to have bestowed, upon the accessories of his romance. If an Italian sailor really told the genius that both "wind and tide" were in favour of a steamer overdue at Genoa from Marseilles, he must have been either very incompetent or guilty of unseasonable jocularity. In either case his offence was venial compared to that of a certain Alphonse, who was by way of being a masher, and asserted that he gave sixty francs a dozen for his cigarettes. Sixty francs a dozen is 20*l.* a hundred, or four shillings each. If that young man was not misreported, he might really almost have passed with distinction half an hour of examination in Probate Court No. 1.

Anybody but a critic might rise from the perusal of *Clare Strong* with a mild sensation of wonder whether the words "The End" had not somehow been misplaced, and whether a further search among the library books would not reveal the existence of a third volume with the story in it. This would be because anybody but a critic generally ignores the prefaces of novels, and by ignoring the preface of *Clare Strong* he would have omitted to acquaint himself with the motive which animated Mr. G. Beresford Fitzgerald in his biographical labours. "It seemed to" Mr. Fitzgerald "that the life of Clare Strong had as much human interest in it as many biographies which" he had "recently perused, after first having heard their praises sounded." Mr. Fitzgerald proceeds to indicate the sort of biography he means. It would be invidious to particularize; but it is a sort with which every one is familiar, and of which there have been no especial new instances for the last month or two. We concur with Mr. Fitzgerald in his estimate of his own work. Mr. Clare Strong made himself remarkable chiefly by three things. First, he married a particularly vulgar American with a dazzling complexion and yellow hair, who in due course ran away with an opera-singer. Secondly, he had a friend of his boyhood, called William Penrose, whom he loved dearly, and who turned out a shocking prig, went into Parliament, attained the dizzy height of eminence now adorned by Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, was made a Privy Councillor when the Ministry went out, died of consumption, and was buried in the presence of "many famous people," some of whom "even shed tears over the grand career" summarized above. Thirdly, he had a way of being oddly treated by testators. A grandmother left away from him some three or four thousand a year which should have been his. Then it was left back to him, along with a house, by the grandmother's legatee, who imposed the condition that if Strong ever married both house and fortune would go to somebody else. This is all well enough, because testators frequently make themselves more or less ridiculous. But that Mr. Strong should believe such a condition to be valid, and actually give up the house and fortune on his marriage with the American, is too great an outrage on probability. All the same, it is the most exciting episode in the life of Mr. Clare Strong.

THE SAGAS OF THE NORSE KINGS.*

MR. CARLYLE, in his work *The Early Kings of Norway*, says that, were Snorre Sturlason's *Sagas of the Norse Kings* well edited and furnished with maps and chronological sum-

* *The Sagas of the Norse Kings*. From the Icelandic of Snorre Sturlason. By Samuel Laing. Edited by Rasmus B. Anderson, LL.D. London: John C. Nimmo. 1889.

maries, they would deserve to be reckoned among the great history books of the world. Mr. Anderson, sharing this opinion, has undertaken the task, and will thereby earn the gratitude of all students of Norse history and traditions. He has, however, been careful to state the limits within which he has conducted his researches. He has not thought it his province to examine manuscripts, to make original researches, or to criticize the labours of the scholars of the North. His object was to incorporate the fruits of those labours, and to bring Laing's edition of the Sagas up to the present standard of scholarship. To this end he has searched Unger's edition of the original text, and has brought the English translation into accordance with it, has omitted some of Laing's notes and added others of his own, and has been careful to give dates and supply full indexes, maps, and a chronological table, as suggested by Mr. Carlyle. It would, therefore, appear that in Mr. Anderson's edition of the Sagas English-speaking students have as faithful and well illustrated a text as they can require. But we could wish that he had carried his labours a little further, and had added to these volumes a clear and interestingly written synopsis of the history they deal with. Such a sketch would be most valuable, especially if it filled up the gaps of the original Sagas with facts gathered from such other sources as might be available, and threw the light of learning upon their dark and crooked places. As things are we have conscientiously read the four thick volumes under consideration from cover to cover, bringing to the study a certain acquaintance with other branches of Scandinavian literature, and yet must confess that but a small portion of the people and events with which they deal are at this moment clearly present in our mind. This arises from several causes above and beyond personal incapacity. Thus, notwithstanding the praise heaped upon them by Mr. Laing, these Sagas cannot be called a model of historical writing. Although occasionally picturesque and incisive, the style is, on the whole, bald in the extreme. Here is a specimen, taken absolutely at random, which sets out the history of a certain Halfdan:—

Halfdan was the name of King Eystein's son who succeeded him. He was called Halfdan the Mild, but the Bad Entertainer—that is to say, he was reported to be generous, and to give his men as much gold as other kings gave of silver, but he starved them in their diet. He was a great warrior who had been long in Viking cruises, and had collected great property. He was married to Hlif, a daughter of King Dag of Vestmara. Holtar, in Vestfold, was his chief house; and he died there on a bed of sickness, and was buried at Borre under a mound. So says Thiodolf:—

"By Hel's summons a great king
Was called away to Odin's Thing.
King Halfdan, he who dwelt of late
At Holtar, must obey grim Fate.
At Borre, in the royal mound,
They laid the hero underground."

This kind of writing, although it has the merit of simplicity, when followed over an expanse of fourteen hundred pages ends in confusing the mind. Nor are matters made easier by the unfortunate fact that the Norse kings were frequently namesakes of their most prominent rivals. Several Olafs in the field at once are as bewildering to the reader as were a plurality of Richmonds to an historical character. The narrative is, indeed, enlivened by frequent battlepieces; but few except those who have experienced know the amount of skill required to give individuality to the accounts of a succession of battles fought by people of the same race, armed in the same way, and animated by the same class of motives. The task was too much for the original Sagawriters, hampered as they were by the necessity of telling the facts as they came to them, and the result is a distressing similarity in their descriptions. There are exceptions, indeed, as in the admirable narrative of the great fight at Stiklestad between Olaf the Saint and the Bondes, in which the former lost his life, diversified as it was by the moving incidents of Olaf's death and "Dag's Storm"; but such variety is comparatively rare.

In short, the reader who expects to find in these historical records the same vivid personal interest that animates every page of those delightful works the best Iceland Sagas, such as *Burnt Njal* or *Grettir the Strong*, will be grievously disappointed. The history of the Norse kings is food for students, and can never be a popular book; indeed, the measure of popularity expected for it by its present editor is clearly indicated by the fact that he has limited his edition to three hundred and ten copies for English and two hundred and ten for American circulation. This is to be regretted, because there is much in the work that is of almost priceless interest to all peoples of Norse and Anglo-Saxon stock.

The *Sagas of the Norse Kings*, or the *Heimskringla*, as the book is more generally called—a title taken from the first word of the manuscript, and meaning the World's Circle—are the work of Snorre Sturlason, prominent Icelander of the thirteenth century. Snorre was one of the most remarkable men of a remarkable race. He appears to have been singularly unscrupulous, and quarrelsome as Grettir the Strong himself. Also he loved money, and raised himself from the most modest beginnings to the position of the richest man in Iceland. His life was one long war, and finally he was murdered by his own relations at the age of fifty-three. But, notwithstanding the troublous times in which his lot was cast, and the prominent part that his ambition and love of wealth caused him to play in them, this Icelander found time to be a scholar, and to commit to parchment the records of the past that his untiring industry had collected. But, though Snorre was learned, his learning did not go far enough. A friend

sent him a warning of the plot to assassinate him, written in secret runic character. Snorre could not read it, and was killed. The Sagas begin with the legendary history of Odin, the founder of the Yngling race, and end with the history of Magnus Erlingson, who died in 1184, or about sixty years before Snorre's murder. Odin, according to the *Heimskringla*, lived in the country east of Tanaquil in Asia, in a country called Asaland, and was chief of the city As-gard. Thence he found his way to the North, and became the forefather of the Norse kings. The *Heimskringla* does not attempt to fix the date of this emigration of Odin and his followers, but Mr. Laing does. If we understand his argument rightly, he considered that emigration to have taken place at a date subsequent to the Christian era. In support of this position he adduces certain resemblances between Odinism and Christianity, which to us, at any rate, are not particularly convincing. Thus he positively states that "the use of the sign of the Cross also as a religious symbol appears to have prevailed in Odinism in the earliest times, and must have been borrowed from Christianity." We do not see the necessity; the sign of the Cross is to be seen on the walls of Egyptian temples, but few would be rash enough to assert that it was, therefore, borrowed from Christianity. As Rydberg points out in his work on *Teutonic Mythology*, which is also presented to the English reader by Mr. Rasmus Anderson, Roman history shows that those parts of Europe that are Teutonic now were Teutonic at the beginning of our era, that the Scandinavian peninsula was then inhabited by a Teutonic people famous for their ships and warriors, and that centuries must have already passed before the colonization of the peninsula could have attained that position. Indeed, it is almost inconceivable in the brief period of time which elapsed between the birth of the Christian era and the dawn of Scandinavian history that Asiatics, of whatever type, could have developed into the blue-eyed, golden-haired Norse warriors of whose deeds these pages treat. If ever there was a race which stands apart among the peoples of the world, it is the Teutonic race; and it seems almost certain that its great and singular characteristics, that in themselves seem to partake of the conditions and surroundings among which we first find them, must, especially in the slow soil of the North, have required many generations to grow and harden upon the softer Aryan stock.

The first two Sagas in the *Heimskringla*, those of the Yngling family and of Halfdan the Black, are so mixed up with fable and shadowy tradition that little reliance can be placed on them. But in the third, that of Harald Harfager, we begin to tread firmer ground. The history of this king is, indeed, particularly interesting, both because he succeeded in breaking the power of the small kings and Bondes or yeomen—if we may apply the term to the "udal born" freemen of the North—and in bringing Norway under his sole authority, and also on account of the colonization of Iceland, which took place in his reign. Numbers of the udal landowners of the kingdom, rather than bear the unaccustomed burdens that Harald sought to lay upon them and the loss of independence, abandoned their ancestral homes, to found an aristocratic Republic upon the inhospitable shores of Iceland, of which there is, so far as we know, no exact parallel in the world's history. Notwithstanding his stormy career and constant wars, Harald reigned for a period of nearly seventy years, and at last enjoyed the distinction, in or about the year 930, of dying of sickness in his bed, a lot that fell to few Northern warriors in those days. Into the history of his immediate successors the narrow limits of a review do not permit us to enter; so we will pass on to Olaf Haraldson, the Saint, who was born in the year 995, and reigned from 1015 to 1030. The life of this king, who was a contemporary of Canute, is told of in the longest and most important Saga in the *Heimskringla*, and its perusal may be recommended to those readers whom a weakness of the flesh deters from an exhaustive study of the work. Particularly interesting is the account of the way in which Olaf, then in the pay of King Ethelred, took London Bridge from the Danes, by tying his ships' cables round the piles and rowing with the stream till they were torn from their bed. But of the wars of Olaf, which were endless, we have no space to speak. Ultimately, after many adventures, he became King of Norway, and, being a zealous Christian, set himself to spread the light among the heathen folk with a vigour which amply accounts for the speedy conversion of the North. We read that, "if there were any who would not renounce heathen ways, he took the matter so zealously that he drove some out of the country, mutilated others of hands or feet, or stung their eyes out; hung up some, cut down some with the sword; but let none go unpunished who would not serve God." To come to secular affairs, the gentleness of Olaf's disposition may be judged of from the fate he meted out to the two kings, Hrorek and Gudrod, who purposed to rebel against him. He punched out Hrorek's eyes and cut out Gudrod's tongue, and many of their followers were similarly served. Of such stuff were saints made in the Saga days. But Olaf was destined to qualify for the dignity in his own person. He was driven from his kingdom by the Bondes, for whom his aggressive holiness proved too heavy a burden, and finally fell in the great battle of Stiklestad while attempting to regain his crown. After his death he became a truly remarkable saint, and many were the miracles that he worked, sometimes in the most unexpected places. Next to that of Olaf, the Saga of Harald Sigurdson, more commonly known as Harald Hardrade, will probably prove most attractive to English readers. It was this

Harald who fought at Stamford Bridge with Earl Tosti against Harald Godwinson, King of England, immediately before the battle of Hastings, and there earned the seven feet of English ground Harald Godwinson had promised him. The account of the battle is very interesting; but for it, as for many other matters and events we have no space to touch on, the reader must be referred to the Sagas themselves. As has been said, he will not find them light reading; but if he perseveres he will not be without his reward. Through the long, and often monotonous, record of blood, cruelty, and ambition, he will learn how great a spirit, and how true a love of freedom, animated the old Norse warriors of whom they tell. He will see, also, how, in the course of centuries, the savagery has vanished from the stock, while the love of freedom and some of the indomitable spirit still remain. For to a very large degree we are the direct descendants of these sturdy farmers and Viking robbers; and it is probable that the Anglo-Saxon race owes much of its success in the struggle of the world to the strain of Norse blood which permeates it everywhere. In conclusion we may be permitted to give a single instance—there are many such in the Sagas—of the bravery and indifference to death of which these men were capable. The Jomsborg Vikings, a robber community of peculiarly strict principles, who would not even admit women to their company lest their gentler presence should turn men's thoughts from war, had on a certain occasion registered vows in their cups which brought them to trouble when sober. Thirty of these men, led by a certain Vagn, were captured and chained together. The rest of the history we give in the words of the Saga (vol. ii. p. 130):—

Then up came Thorkel Leira, and said:—"Thou madest a solemn vow, Vagn, to kill me, but now it seems more likely that I will kill thee." Vagn and his men sat all upon a log of wood together. Thorkel had an axe in his hands, with which he cut at him who sat outmost on the log. Vagn and the other prisoners were bound so that a rope was fastened on their feet, but they had their hands free. One of them said:—"I will stick this cloak-pin that I have in my hand into the earth if it be so that I know anything after my head is cut off." His head was cut off, but the cloak-pin fell from his hand. There sat also a very handsome man, with long hair, who twisted his hair over his head, put out his neck, and said:—"Don't make my hair bloody." A man took the hair in his hands and held it fast. Thorkel hewed with his axe; but the Viking twitted his head so strongly that he who was holding his hair fell forwards and the axe cut off both his hands and stuck fast in the earth.

Then Earl Eirik came up and asked, "Who is that handsome man?"

He replies, "I am called Sigurd, and am Bue's son. But are all the Jomsborg Vikings dead?"

Earik says, "Thou art certainly Bue's son. Wilt thou now take life and peace?"

"That depends," says he, "upon who it is that offers it."

"He offers who has the power to do it—Earl Eirik."

"That will I," says he, "from his hands." And now the rope was loosened from him.

Then said Thorkel Leira, "Although thou should (?) give all these men life and peace, Earl, Vagn Akason shall never come from this with life." And he ran at him with uplifted axe: but the Viking Skarde swung himself in the rope, and let himself fall just before Thorkel's feet, so that Thorkel fell over him, and Vagn caught the axe and gave Thorkel a death wound.

Then said the Earl, "Vagn, wilt thou accept life?"

"That I will," says he, "if you give it to all of us."

"Loose them from the rope," said the Earl, and it was done. Eighteen were killed and twelve got their lives.

Truly it may be said of the Norse Vikings that nothing in their lives became them so well as their manner of leaving them.

MR. GRETTON'S RECOLLECTIONS.*

MR. GRETTON is quite right in thinking that an old man with a *mens sana in corpore sano* has no right to fritter away his latter days in "twirling his thumbs." A man needs not to have been great or illustrious to be a pleasant autobiographer; nor need he have taken a place in the front ranks, or have sat in the first row of stalls; from the dress-circle he may have seen many things which it is well worth while to remember. Of course he must not have sunk altogether out of view; in the slang of the day he must not have taken a "back seat." Mr. Gretton witnessed the Jubilee of George III., he has seen that kindly monarch leaning on the arm of Queen Charlotte and wearing a large-sized cocked-hat. He remembers the excitement caused by the assassination of Spencer Perceval. Although he did not actually know Pitt's Bishop Tomline, whose intellect he admired nearly as much as he despised his almost incredible meanness, he knew all about him. Of this meanness Mr. Gretton gives a striking example. He knew many of our famous judges, and he talks almost with tenderness of Chief Baron Pollock, whose "noble presence and intelligence, and speaking kindness of eye" seem to have left a lasting impression on him. He saw the Duke of Wellington and the Master of Peterhouse in 1834 exchanging acts of old-time courtesy and politeness; and he tells a pleasant anecdote of the great soldier. At the installation of the Marquess Camden as Chancellor of Cambridge, the Duke received the honorary degree of D.C.L. Immediately afterwards, at a garden party at Sidney, Gretton, who approached the gate just after the Duke, heard his Grace give his name to the porter as "Dr. Wellington." He tells another very characteristic anecdote of the Iron Duke. His Grace, during the

* *Memory's Harkback through Half a Century, 1808 to 1858.* By F. E. Gretton, B.D. London: Richard Bentley & Son.

occupation of Paris, gave an order that no English officer should give a challenge to, or accept one from, a French officer. A French marshal, shortly after this order, shoved an English colonel from the pavement into the street. The Englishman knocked him down. When the maréchal made a formal complaint the Duke sent a written reprimand to the colonel, and in it enclosed an invitation to dinner. Mr. Gretton's estimate of the late Sir Francis Burdett strikes us as being sensible and just, and should go far to neutralize Lord John Russell's flippant sarcasm about that once famous politician. "Sir Francis Burdett never changed his foundation principle. In his early days the masses were a good deal trodden down. After the Reform Bill it was the classes that were shoved to the wall. Sir Francis changed his colours, but not his principles." Of Barnes, the Master of Peterhouse, Mr. Gretton tells an amusing story. Barnes was very kind to poor folks, and was consequently much pestered by beggars. A poor fellow came to him one day and urged that he was footsore. Barnes offered him a pair of old shoes, which were declined by the beggar as being either too large or too small. "Take them, then," said the Master, "to the gentleman over the way. He will give a good deal for them." The "gentleman over the way" was the senior Fellow, who was supposed to be rather impatiently waiting for the reversion of the mastership. Mr. Sheepshanks, Dean of Jesus, wrote to a peccant undergraduate an order to write out fifty lines of a *satyr* of Juvenal. This placard appeared next day on the walls of the college:—

The Satyrs of old were monsters of note,
With the head of a man and the feet of a goat;
But the Satyrs of Jesus all Satyrs surpass,
With the shanks of a sheep and the head of an ass.

Mr. Gretton wanders over a wide range of people and places, and always talks pleasantly. He went once to hear Paganini fiddle on one string, but he says he would not step across his threshold to hear him do so again. His feelings on the subject are expressed in these rhymes:—

Who are they who spend their guineas
To hear sweet strains of Paganini's?
Pack o' ninnies!

He wishes that he had never heard Joachim, as it has spoiled him for hearing with pleasure any one else.

But the genial octogenarian's good stories of others must not make us forgetful of himself. In early boyhood he migrated from the neighbourhood of Windsor to the city of Hereford, where the deanery overlooked a ladies' school, kept by a Mrs. Lincoln. The Dean's son-in-law wished the lady to block up one of the windows from which the young ladies overlooked the deanery garden. The schoolmistress refused, and wound up the correspondence with these scathing words:—"The old saw that the Devil overlooks Lincoln is now reversed, for Lincoln overlooks the Devil." By the regulations of the Cathedral two canons were bound to be present at each service. Canon Kidley, when it was his turn, preferred toasting his toes over the fire at home. The canon who had officiated called on him in the afternoon, and complained that they had made a most disgraceful appearance in the choir stalls that morning. "Indeed, Mr. Canon," replied Kidley coolly, "then I am very glad that I did not make one among you." Another clergyman always abruptly concluded his sermon in the very middle of his argument when the clock placed in the gallery opposite the pulpit warned him that it was one o'clock. When remonstrated with by a gentleman who had wished to hear the logical conclusion of his premises, "Sir," said the preacher, "I will spoil no poor man's pudding." From Hereford our author was sent to Shrewsbury school, and he has many pleasant anecdotes to tell us of his famous master, and of Lord Hill and of Jack Mytton, who were the two greatest local celebrities. He chats pleasantly about another famous schoolmaster, Dr. Parr, who posed to be a great man, but who was chiefly remarkable for his pomposity and arrogance. Of Keate, of Eton, he tells an amusing anecdote. A boy called Bosanquet, who stickled for the French pronunciation of his patronymic, refused to answer to his name when it was given out in the way in which it is usually pronounced in England. Keate laid him on the flogging block, and, as he tickled him, exclaimed, "Sir, I will flog you—

Sive tu mavis Bösänquēt vocari
Sive Bösänquēt."

The chapter in this work on "Episcopal Recollections" is particularly interesting. We have stories of Bishops Ryder, Lonsdale, Carr, Phillpotts, Thirlwall, Gray, and Colenso. Mr. Gretton summarizes the character of Colenso by saying that he was a man "sure to take up the poker by the wrong end and soil his fingers." "Bishop Gray set himself to uphold the simple truth of the Scriptures, and guard the simple untutored natives from being led into error under the guise of truth." Mr. Gretton was ordained by Bishop Bethell as deacon and by Bishop Marsh as priest. He himself appears to be a sound Churchman of the old school, with as few yearnings towards Rome as towards Geneva. He is not backward to acknowledge the zeal, learning, and piety of the newer generation of clergy, though he in no wise admits that the clergy of his youth deserved all the contemptuous tolerance with which they are so often spoken of nowadays. When the polemical hubbub was at its height an old lady asked Mr. Gretton whether he was High or Low. "Neither one nor

the other," he replied. "Ay," she said; "then you are Jack and the game." When Mr. Gretton was once curate to a Doctor of Divinity, his rector never came within the limits of the parish unless he chanced to pass through with his beagles. In a parish in which there was only Divine Service every other week the ministrant chanced to go there by mistake on the wrong Sunday. Being there he wished to hold the service; but the clerk explained to him that that was impossible, as a goose was sitting on her nest in the pulpit, and would not be off it until the next Sunday.

In his long experience Mr. Gretton has met with fellow-priests of very peculiar opinions. One gentleman thought it necessary to burn his copy of Shakspeare, considering it an immoral book. Another spoke in his sermon of the Blessed Virgin as "a respectable young woman." A third would not forgive Sir Walter Scott for denying to an impudent querist that he was the author of the *Waverley Novels*; yet this same gentleman was guilty of a much more serious breach of honesty in the unacknowledged quotations from other preachers which he introduced into his own sermon.

On the moot question whether sermons had better be written or extempore, Mr. Gretton quotes the capital dictum of the hard-headed North-countryman, Dr. Postlethwaite, formerly Master of Trinity, who said to a young Levite, "Wrote, mon, wrote; mony a fule talks fulishly, but he is a fule indeed that writes fulishly."

The subjects treated of in this book are so multifarious that we cannot even refer to all of them. Rutlandshire, Devonshire, Wales, Buxton are among some of the places much talked about. Chatsworth is said to be little better than the "representative of a plethoric purse," but Mr. Gretton has hardly words in which to express his intense admiration of Haddon Hall and Hardwick. He discusses the Peninsular War and the Crimea, and tells us a capital story of Soul and Lord Hill. When the Duke of Dalmatia was ambassador to England he was to dine one day with the Duke of Wellington. "When he arrived Lord Hill was standing with his back to him. Soul came stealthily up, seized him by the shoulders, saying, 'Ah, my friend; I have caught you at last!'" Readers of Napier's *Peninsular War* will understand why the remark was both apt and flattering. Mr. Gretton reminds us that the not uncommon sign for a public-house of "Tumble-Down Dick" was intended to commemorate Richard Cromwell's spiritless abdication. He tells us of the famous Prince Eugene that, being an Italian by birth, a Frenchman by training, and a German by adoption, he proclaimed his threefold nationality by his signature, "Eugenio von Savoie."

Mr. Gretton's memory is like the elephant's trunk which picks up small and great things alike. He can discuss the genesis and etymology of Bergamot pears and Stilton cheese, and he can laugh over the story of a brother clergyman who delighted to say that his name was Jack Tate, but his wife's was "dictate." The story of the snubbing administered by a Judge of Assize to a clergyman who wore a blue coat and brass buttons, and posed as a country gentleman, reminds us of a scene which took place once in Lord Ellenborough's Court. A gentleman dressed in the fashion of the day offered himself as a witness in the case before the Court. When the proper officer proceeded to administer to him the usual oath, the man objected to be sworn, on the ground that he was a member of the Society of Friends. "You a Quaker, sir!" said the Lord Chief Justice sternly, "then how dare you to insult the Court by coming here in the disguise of a reasonable being?"

We heartily wish our readers as much pleasure from the perusal of this kindly book as we have ourselves derived from it.

BOOKS ON IRELAND.*

WE have already noticed the reprint of Sir Charles Russell's Parnell Commission speech. We notice it again in what would have been the proper place in order only to make one remark of some force. This book has been sent to us for review; and it is absolutely impossible to review it in any real sense without the risk, or rather the certainty, of gross contempt of court. When that is the case it does not need much argument to show that the publication is improper.

Mr. Robert Dunlop's volume on Grattan has the reverse effect to the famous "disappointing little book in the Revelation."—When one begins it the taste seems to be likely to prove bitter. Mr. Dunlop uses the terms "nationality," "freedom,"

* *Speech before the Parnell Commission.* By Sir Charles Russell. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

Grattan. By Robert Dunlop. London: W. H. Allen. 1889.

Celtic Ireland. By Sophie Bryant, D.Sc. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1889.

I. L. P. U. Pamphlets and Leaflets, 1888. London: Irish Loyal and Patriotic Union. 1889.

Disturbed Ireland: the Plan of Campaign Estates. By T. W. Russell, M.P. London: Truslow & Shirley. 1889.

The Irish Union, Before and After. By A. K. Connell. London: Cassell. 1889.

Glimpses of Erin. By S. F. and A. L. Milligan. New edition. London: Marcus Ward & Co. 1889.

Thomas Drummond: his Life and Letters. By Barry O'Brien. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1889.

and so forth, in the silly Irish sense which would equally justify Mr. Conybeare's Cornish supporters in agitating for independence of Northampton and Newcastle; and in various other ways he inspires doubts, as, for instance, by speaking as if he believed in the absurd description of Swift as an Irish patriot. Swift, as has been shown over and over again, and as every one ought to know now, was simply an English Opposition politician, who wished to embarrass the English Ministry, but to whom "ascendancy" was as much a doctrine of nature as anti-Walpolism. Afterwards, however, Mr. Dunlop improves very much, and he ends by a frank declaration that the expediency of the Union, the methods by which it was carried, and so forth, have really nothing to do with the burning question of the present day. His admiration of his hero is, indeed, rather excessive. The kind of windy rant, diversified by facile epigram, which has always passed with a certain section of Irishmen for oratory, and of which Grattan's was a capital example, requires, perhaps, a special palate to enjoy it. We should ourselves say, for instance, that for real eloquence Grattan's mousing cannot compete for a moment with the manly sense of Fitzgibbon's best speeches (by the way, Mr. Dunlop should not speak as he does of the great Lord Clare—that is how fools speak, and Mr. Dunlop is not a fool). However this may be, we do not curse Mr. Dunlop, but rather bless him. He has the sense and honesty to confess that Fitzwilliam's recall (which our Gladstonians, who probably never heard of Fitzwilliam till three years ago, hold up as the *causa malorum*) was inevitably brought about by Fitzwilliam's own breach of faith and indiscretion in the dismissal of John Beresford.

Celtic Ireland is rather a large title for a book, and some critics might like to feel sure that Doctor of Science Sophie Bryant had qualified herself for dealing with it by original study. Very likely she has done so, though the books she quotes are usually English and recent, or translations of older works. This, however, seems to us a minor matter. It is generally of far less importance whether a man can read originals or not than whether he can apply the due historical criticism in the due historical manner to them. In this respect Doctor of Science Sophie Bryant strikes us as a little deficient. Here is a note:—

The Spanish records agree with the Irish, as already noted, that there was emigration from Spain to Ireland. Colmenar in the *Annals of Spain and Portugal* (1741), vol. ii. p. 55, sums up the matter thus: History informs us that two hundred years before Jesus Christ, &c.

What in the sacred name of the learned Doctor's doctorate is the value of a statement made by a compiler in 1741 to the effect that something happened long before the Christian era? We can show Miss Bryant (we cannot go on doctoring her) much earlier authority for the founding of Troynovant. Does she believe that? She refers elsewhere to Dr. Madden and his "quantity of evidence" to the same effect. Would it not have been well to give us some, especially considering the mutability of things in Spain itself? However, perhaps this is to consider too critically. Miss Bryant has got together a useful digest of her authorities, and has not put her foot through the *cinis dolosus* much oftener than might be expected of a lady-doctor.

We have more than once noticed and not seldom drawn upon the invaluable publications of the Irish Loyal and Patriotic Union. The most effective and the most useful of these are the abundant extracts given from "Nationalist" newspapers, speeches, and the like—a very arsenal of weapons for the right side, the admissibility of which the wrong side cannot deny. Here is the true history of Mr. John Mandeville—here the imitable series of attributions of the vilest crimes to Lord Spencer and Sir George Trevelyan, which Sir George Trevelyan and Lord Spencer have swallowed so Christianly, and here much else that is precious. In common, and in the same paragraph with, this we may also notice another useful reprint, that of Mr. Russell's accounts of his visits to the Plan of Campaign estates. Such things are storehouses of truth, to be kept constantly at hand as a resource against the extraordinarily vivacious reappearances of falsehood.

Mr. A. K. Connell's pamphlet on *The Irish Union, Before and After* is a sufficiently sensible little book. If there were much chance of sensible books doing good in such a matter, we should recommend it to many readers. Unluckily, we believe most firmly that the average voter never makes up his mind on any question by reading sensible little books. He may sometimes be converted by some very significant or startling fact or fiction, but otherwise he goes right or wrong with his party. It is, therefore, much more important to keep men to the right party and the party leaders to the right course than to attempt to argue large political questions with individuals. Still, every statement of the truth may do good; and Mr. Connell has, for the most part, stated most undeniable truth.

We do not know whether Seaton F. Milligan and Alice L. Milligan are husband and wife or brother and sister; but in either case they have, by collaboration with pen and pencil, and probably by some preliminary journeyings about the island of their birth, produced a rather pleasant little combination of history and guide-book—a combination unusual, and therefore rather piquant. The guide-book is, on the whole, preferable to the history. For instance, we do not think that the finding of Roman coins in Ireland is exactly a proof that Niall and Dathi invaded Gaul and went as far as the Loire and the Alps; while

we do think that, if in the year 400 or thereabouts an Irish army had appeared in either of these places, we should have heard something of it from historians of or near the time. But this is the kind of thing to which one grows accustomed in treatises on Irish history. The miscellaneous part is much pleasanter and more trustworthy, containing agreeable sketches of Irish life, hints for tours which are not to be neglected, verses which have something of the usual musical fluency of Irish verse, and other very tolerable things.

It has been the fashion among Separatists recently to bestow a good deal of rather damaging glorification on the memory of Thomas Drummond, the predecessor of Mr. Burke (whom Nationalists murdered), fifty years ago, the inventor of the lime light, and beyond all question a notable person. Drummond died young as a man (he was only forty-three) and younger as a politician, for he had been an engineer officer till but a few years before his death. There can be little doubt that had he lived a very considerable alteration would have taken place in his attitude towards Irish policy. He did not live to see the beginning, or rather the revival, of downright disloyalty in the Young Ireland movement, much less its sequel in Fenianism, Home Rule, and the present Separatist and land-grabbing agitation. He was a keen Whig, who found the landowners of Ireland generally Tory. He regarded the sweet reasonableness of Drummond as often praised the Orangemen as "demons." He did all he could to prevent the violence of the peasantry in the tithe matter (which then obscured rent somewhat) from being mitigated by the police. His conduct in this matter puzzled, as Mr. O'Brien admits, even his staunch friend and very complacent chief, Lord Morpeth, who put to him in writing the practicably unanswerable question, "What am I to say when it is objected thus—'You tell applicants that the sheriff or the Court may order out assistance for them; but you tell the police never to budge without a reference to, and the direction of, Government?'" He was such a bad political economist that he got a well-deserved snub from the cool head of Spring Rice for accusing Irish landlords of exporting food when their tenants were starving. He carried on against the Orange Society a persecution ten times as relentless as Mr. Balfour is charged with carrying on against Nationalists, and he actually endeavoured to prevent Orange processions from escorting ordinary funerals. At this very time that he thus attacked Orangeism he seems to have regarded Ribbonism as a thing that could only be finally put down by legislative enactments (of course in the tenants' interest). Although he was too masterful to be exactly a tool of any one, there is ample evidence here that he, Lord Morpeth, and Lord Mulgrave looked to O'Connell for orders at every turn; and there is at least one letter from O'Connell to Drummond given in this volume which denounces, in the most hectoring tone, the supposed intention of putting a Tory Protestant lawyer on the Bench. Finally, there is the notorious affair of the letter to the Tipperary magistrates, in which Drummond put the famous claptrap phrase, "Property has its duties as well as its rights." Mr. O'Brien is lost in astonishment at the fact that the Tipperary magistrates objected to this. He does not consider, though he most honestly gives the information himself, that the lecture of which it formed part was delivered on the text of the shooting of two landlords. Other landlords may naturally have been a little hurt at discovering that the official whose duty it was to preserve order in their country thought it part of the "duties of property" to stand being shot at—which in the circumstances might naturally seem to them to be his meaning.

We do not, therefore, think that Mr. O'Brien has done much service to Drummond's memory by this book. His loudly-vaunted secret of government would seem to have been nothing else than the old and fatal one of governing by a party—the party being for the time that which was hostile to England, to honesty, and to order. As for the execution of the book, it is pretty much what those who are acquainted with Mr. O'Brien's former books will expect. It is well enough written, and the writer's strong prejudice in opinion is not incompatible with a tolerably fair statement of fact. But it is far too long for its facts; a history of the Orange Society and of the "Fairman plot" is dragged in with little or no relevance, and solid slabs of the author's previous works are hurled without mercy at the reader's head. Still, it is well to have, put by an avowed advocate, the claims of this much-talked-of person to Irish statesmanship. We are quite content with the presentment.

PATMORE'S PRINCIPLE IN ART.*

THIS little volume will meet with disfavour in many sentimental quarters. It is positive, and even disdainful, in its repudiation of many popular theories of the day, while it attacks the great army of prigs on almost every side of their inertly-moving mass. We are far from asserting that we are always in unison with the views which it puts forward, or that we do not think its pages sometimes disfigured by a crudity which is the result of prejudice. But we welcome it as eminently vivid, eminently stimulating. Even where it most arrogantly contro-

* *Principle in Art, &c.* By Coventry Patmore. London: George Bell & Sons.

verts accepted opinion it lives, and its life is that of a distinguished and elevated intellectual being. There is no fourth-hand repetition here of views passed on from critic to critic, no acquiescence in the mental morality of Sleepy Hollow. Above all, there is a rejection of humanitarianism which is truly refreshing, and as rare in these days as it is courageous. These essays may be briefly described as dealing with the action of the moral nature upon artistic production. They open with some examination of the philosophical laws which should govern art and authorship. They proceed to examine certain modern poets from Crabbe to Mr. Swinburne. They close with a series of observations on the proper evolution of great ideas in architecture. Painting is hardly touched, sculpture very briefly and inadequately, and music not at all. Principle in art and literature is exemplified mainly in relation to poetical and architectural style.

Mr. Coventry Patmore is vexed in spirit, as he well may be, at the desultory character of the expressed opinion—the "chatter," as he calls it—which passes for criticism nowadays. He admits the sympathetic quality of the best of it, but he laments the absence of positive precept. His position is clearly stated by himself when he says that "it would be well if the professed critic would remember that criticism is not the expression, however picturesque and glowing, of the faith which is in him, but the rendering of sound and intelligent reasons for that faith." It is evident that he has felt the disadvantage of the molluscous order of criticism, which, not possessing any backbone of law, seeks to make up for it by a soft and supple resignation to the mere sentiment of physical or even of moral beauty. Mr. Patmore suggests that in the writings of Aristotle and of some moderns there exists a supply of material from which a body of Institutes of Art might be created. It is probable that the school of Jesuit critics, who towards the end of the seventeenth century attempted to adapt Aristotle to the requirements of modern literature, appeals to him as highly, although temporarily, meritorious. But he nowhere refers to this school of Rapin and Bossu, nor does he offer the slightest suggestion with regard to the process of formation of a new order of Aristotelian criticism. Here Mr. Patmore becomes a disappointing guide. If his Institutes are introduced, and if they are made to work so satisfactorily as to supersede the "deciduous chatter" of the reviews, then they must be prepared to cover a wide field. They must decide, and that once for all, between M. Zola and Sir Walter Scott; they must tell us whether Tolstoi is the ideal novelist, and whether Walt Whitman writes poetry or no; they must affirm that history is to be composed either in the style of Dr. Stubbs or after the fashion of Mr. Froude and Lord Macaulay. The one-and-seventy jarring sects of arts and letters must all be silenced, and must worship together, with bowed heads, in the Temple of Nature. It is all very well for Mr. Patmore to wave his prophetic wand and murmur, "Let Institutes of Art be formed," without explaining what scope or what authority they would possess. It is the old story. It is easier to condemn than to create, easier to point out the errors of a floating and irresponsible system of aesthetics than to sketch the lines upon which a positive system should be instituted. Mr. Patmore is more practically serviceable when he defines the value of one or two pieces of critical work, and in particular the *Laocon* of Lessing, as pointing the way to a scientific criticism the conclusions of which shall be demonstrable and irreversible. The method of Lessing, however, can scarcely be conceived as appropriate to the endless variety and lawlessness of modern art and literature.

In dealing with recent poetry, by which we mean the whole of the famous verse which has succeeded the romantic revival, Mr. Patmore constantly returns to the charge that it has neglected, to a far greater degree than the poetry of any previous age, the principles of intellectual integrity; that to secure brilliancy and force it has surrendered humanity, truth, and sincere clearness of expression. The accusation is a paradoxical one, as we are accustomed to claim for the poetry of the present century the special merit of a revolt against conventionalism, indifference, and untruthfulness. What Mr. Patmore says in this connexion may be quoted, for it is characteristic of his entire attitude towards modern literature:—

To a soundly trained mind there is no surer sign of shallowness and of inferior corruption than that habitual predominance of form over formative energy, of splendour of language and imagery over human significance, which has so remarkably distinguished a great deal of the most widely praised poetry of the past eighty years. Much of this poetry has about as much relation to actual or imaginative reality as the transformation scene of a pantomime; and much more—called "descriptive"—has so low a degree of significance, and betrays so inhuman an absorption in the merest superficies of nature, that when the writer pretends to deal with those facts and phenomena of humanity which, directly or indirectly, are the main region of every true poet's song, he has to overcome our sense that he is an habitual trifler before he can gain credit for sincerity, even when he is giving utterance to what may really be a passing strain of true poetic thought and feeling. A poet who is thus constantly occupied with the superficies of nature may probably attain to an accuracy and splendour of analytical description which has its value in its way, and which may, in certain transitory conditions of popular taste, raise him to the highest pinnacle of favour. But such poetry will be judged, in the end, by its human significance; and the writer of it will have the fatal verdict of "heartless" recorded against him—verdict which even in the time of his favour is implicitly pronounced by the indifference with which his professions of human principle and feeling are received, even by his admirers.

We are in doubt regarding but one word of this interesting

passage. It does not appear to us that "heartless" exactly expresses the fault which Mr. Patmore desires to stigmatize; some of the worst poetry—that is to say, the most showy, the most ephemeral—having been published by persons of tender and guileless character. This is a commonplace, of course; but a lack of distinct apprehension of it seems to lie at the bottom of Mr. Patmore's charge of "heartlessness," as of Mr. Ruskin's famous belief in the personal holiness of the builders of Amiens and Beauvais, and in the personal wickedness of painters like Caravaggio. It is safer, we think, to use the word "insincere," because there may be an intellectual and an imaginative insincerity, the mental honey produced by a pure heart being mingled with the wax of conventionality or lack of spiritual apprehension. Keats was a better artist when he wrote the *Ode on a Grecian Urn* than Shelley was when he wrote the more hysterical parts of *Epipsychedion*, not, as Mr. Patmore thinks, and as even Mr. Matthew Arnold seemed ready to allege, because he was a better man, but because, at that moment at all events, the runnings of his imagination were fresher and more sprightly, his insight keener, and his style more under control.

What Mr. Patmore should really aim at, as, indeed, he frequently seems to perceive, is not a set of fresh Aristotelian Institutes, or a body of artistic precepts around which, however adroitly they were fashioned, mediocrity would instantly begin to crystallize, but a moral code applied to the products of the imagination. We are far too apt to consider, in literature as in other things, that good motives justify an error in action. It is impossible to make the writers or the singers of bad hymns perceive in what their foolish doggerel offends. The obtuse insincerity of the writer is repeated by the reader, and words that have no sense or value are found to be of "great comfort" to those who employ them. This is the most flagrant example of a general error, the more refined form of which is seen in the avidity with which people accept the least genuine and valuable parts of the work of great poets as being quite as beautiful as their really immortal conceptions. Mr. Patmore, in his chapter called "Poetical Integrity," has some very admirable remarks on this weakness, and analyses with great acumen the fatal tendency which draws the genuine poet of confined genius to endeavour to go on saying "fine things" when the fountain of his inspiration is stanched.

The principal fault which we have to bring against this accomplished and interesting little volume is a slight want of coherence in its parts. If Mr. Patmore had written a sketch of his theory of poetical philosophy it might have possessed less freshness than this series of individual expressions, some of which, we fancy, date from many years back; but it would at least have presented a unity of form and a consistency of detail which we sometimes miss here. We should not have been told at one end of the book that what has genuinely gratified a good judge once will always gratify him, and at the other that the muse which pleased the early manhood of such a critic often stands before his elder judgment revealed as a false Duessa. We should have missed the repetition within a few pages of what was for once a very striking adaptation of a Catholic phrase, "O felix culpa," but was too odd to be used in the same connexion twice. Such trifles as these, however, do not affect the general value of the book, which is an important contribution to a class of literature but scantly represented in this country, and seldom, indeed, illuminated by sanity and genuine insight. Mr. Patmore excels in short and pithy sayings, aphorisms, which take fancy captive, and linger in the memory. It would be easy to collect a posy of these. We quote a few which we have marked in passing:—

Pathos is the luxury of grief, and when it ceases to be a keen-edged pleasure it ceases to be pathos.

The femininity of these poets [Shelley and Keats] is a glorious and immortal gift, such as no mortal lady has ever attained or will ever attain.

A sensible person can easily distinguish between that which he cannot understand and that in which there is nothing to be understood ("Blake.")

A Problem will not sing even in the process of solution. ("Clough.") Genius, like sanctity, is commonly more or less foolish in the eyes of the world.

Purity ends by finding a goddess where impurity concludes by confessing carnal.

Emerson's American admirers sometimes spoke of him as an "angel"; at any rate, he was a sort of sylph.

Such phrases as these grow as thick as blackberries on Mr. Patmore's bush, and have even more flavour in them when eaten by the wayside than when gathered, as we have done, in a dish. The only essay we could wish away is the last, "Thoughts on Knowledge, Opinion, and Inequality," the contents of which are mainly political, and seem to possess but little relation to Principle in Art. Mr. Patmore's views on politics are in the main identical with our own, but he expresses them with a violence which is out of place on the slopes of Parnassus, and with a hopelessness which is out of place anywhere. He had better confine himself in future to those fields of poetry, mysticism, and imagination where, if he is not always right, he is always distinguished and charming.

BOOKS ON DIVINITY.*

THE republication in a collected form of Dr. Lightfoot's papers on *Supernatural Religion* has long been anxiously looked for, and will be welcome in many quarters. For some time past they have been on the list of authorities recommended by the Theological School at Oxford, and have been painfully studied in scattered numbers of the *Contemporary Review*. Many an undergraduate, weary of futile visits to the shelves of the Union, will quote *Expectate venis* as he purchases this volume. We are grieved to notice that the reason for the republication even now is the sickness of their revered author. May he long be spared to edify and adorn the Church. The excitement which attended the first appearance of these famous essays is now an old story; and they will be read, like Bentley's *Phalaris*, rather as models of critical method and finished workmanship, and for the rich stores of information in which they abound, than with reference to the dispute that originally called them forth. Only middle-aged people can now remember the extraordinary sensation produced, sixteen years ago, by the appearance of *Supernatural Religion*. It was one of those *furori* that periodically disturb the habitual British phlegm. Many reasons contributed to this result. The book made an immense parade of learning; it was written in a trenchant, hard-hitting style; it went the full length; and its anonymity, so jealously guarded as to suggest some disgraceful reason why the author withheld his name, completed the charm. There was possibly a delightful scandal about to break upon the world. Perhaps bishop had written the thing. All the world flocked to buy the book, which ran through as many editions as a fashionable novel. Believers read and trembled; the man about town read, and was much relieved to find that he had always been right, though he did not know it—Christianity was an exploded idea. Even reviewers lost their heads, and talked their very finest about the learning, the precision, the calmness, the impartiality of the Great Unknown. Yet it was evident on a first glance that the Latin and Greek of the author were grotesquely bad; that his imposing array of references was so given, that, without very great labour, it was impossible to tell what it was

* *Essays on Supernatural Religion*. By J. B. Lightfoot, D.D., D.C.L., LL.D., Bishop of Durham. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

The Infallibility of the Church: a Course of Lectures delivered in the Divinity School of the University of Dublin. By George Salmon, D.D., Provost of Trinity College, sometime Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Dublin. London: John Murray.

The Hallowing of Criticism: Nine Sermons on Elijah preached in Rochester Cathedral. By the Rev. T. K. Cheyne, M.A., D.D., Oriel Professor of the Interpretation of Holy Scripture at Oxford, Canon of Rochester. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

Paul of Tarsus. By the Author of "Rabbi Jeshua." London: George Redway. 1889.

The Epistle to the Hebrews, in English; with Appendix. By Frederic Rendall, M.A., formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Assistant-Master of Harrow School. London: Macmillan & Co.

The First and Second Epistles to the Corinthians; with Notes Critical and Practical. By the Rev. M. F. Sadler, Rector of Honiton, Prebendary of Wells. London: Bell & Sons. 1889.

Sermons for the Christian Year: a Selection from the Quebec Chapel Sermons of Henry Alford, sometime Dean of Canterbury. London: Livingstone. 1889.

The Faithful Departed; and other Sermons. By the Rev. Charles Page Eden, M.A., sometime Fellow and Tutor of Oriel College, and Vicar of St. Mary's, Oxford, late Vicar of Aberford and Canon of York. London and Oxford: Parker & Co. 1889.

The Light that Lighteth Every Man: Sermons. By Alexander Russell, R.D., late Dean of Adelaide; with Introduction by Very Rev. E. H. Plumptre, D.D., Dean of Wells. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

The Worship of Heaven; and other Sermons. By the late Rev. Daniel Tindall, M.A., Vicar of Highgate, and Rural Dean, late Vicar of Teddington; with Preface by the Lord Bishop of Derry and Raphoe. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1889.

Our Catholic Inheritance in the Larger Hope. By Alfred Gurney, M.A., Vicar of S. Barnabas, Pimlico. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

Christianity and Islam in Spain, A.D. 756-1031. By C. R. Haines, M.A. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1889.

The Apostles. By Ernest Renan. Translated from the original French. London: Trübner & Co.

Leaves from St. John Chrysostom. Selected and Translated by Mary H. Allies. Edited, with Preface, by T. W. Allies, K.C.S.G. London: Burns & Oates, Limited. 1889.

A Manual for Holy Days: a Few Thoughts for those Week Days for which the Church provides Special Services. By F. C. Woodhouse, M.A. London: Wells Gardner, Darton, & Co. 1889.

The Bible and the Papacy. By Rev. R. Belaney, M.A., Cambridge. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1889.

What are the Catholic Claims? By the Rev. Austin Richardson, late Professor of the Institut St. Louis, Brussels; with an Introductory Essay by the Rev. Luke Rivington. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1889.

The Sternness of Christ's Teaching, and its Relation to the Law of For-giveness. (Norrisian Prize Essay for 1888.) By J. F. Bethune-Baker, M.A., Pembroke College, Cambridge. Cambridge: Macmillan & Bowes. 1889.

The Lord of Humanity; or, the Testimony of Human Consciousness. By Frederick James Gant, F.R.C.S., Senior Surgeon to the Royal Free Hospital. London: Hatchards. 1889.

An Inquiry into the Basis of True Christian Unity. By the Rev. S. Kettlewell, M.A. Vol. II. London: Wells Gardner & Co. 1889.

Ruling Ideas in Early Ages, and their Relation to Old Testament Faith. By J. H. Mozley, D.D., late Canon of Christ Church, and Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Oxford. Fourth edition. London: Rivington. 1889.

worth; that the judicial quality was conspicuous by its absence; and that the most offensive charges were made against honourable men, apparently without the least sense that any one could feel annoyed by them. It was this last obtuseness that drew down the author's chastisement. He was guilty of the extraordinary stupidity of charging Dr. Westcott with mendacity in respect to a certain passage of Irenaeus, and supported the charge by an error in Greek grammar such as no decently-educated schoolboy would make. This affront to his friend was more than Dr. Lightfoot could bear, and hence arose this masterly series of papers. It is pleasant to read again the well-remembered passages—that in which Dr. Lightfoot argues with grave humour that the *Supernatural Religion* before him could not be the volume known by that name to various reviewers, who are "plainly dealing with some apocryphal work, bearing the same name and often using the same language, but in its main characteristics quite different from and much more authentic than the volumes before me"; that in which he estimates the critical position of Hitzig, who derived the name of *Aesop* from the "hyssop that springeth out of the wall," and found out that the Epistle to the Philippians is a plagiarism from the *Agricola* of Tacitus; that in which he ploughs his way through a long list of references, in which the Rev. R. Cook, Vicar of Leeds, appears as Cucus, and the other authorities, though all quoted for the same purpose, are shown to have differed from one another and from the author; that upon the Silence of Eusebius, and many others. It is delightful to watch again these touches of the master hand, so light, yet so strong and certain; and to recall the joy with which those, who were young in those days, tried to realize the feelings of the enemy who was being so spoken to in the gate. The essays are reprinted exactly as they first appeared, except for a few subsequent notes which are distinguished by being enclosed in brackets. Some alterations might have been made in view of recent investigations; especially we know more of Tatian's *Diatessaron*, and, thanks to the Bishop of Durham himself, of Ignatius, than was known in 1874. Possibly it was from a desire to incorporate these modern results in his papers that Dr. Lightfoot delayed the reprinting so long. What has been added to our knowledge in the interval all goes to strengthen his position. But it is better that we should have the book as it is. It has already taken its place among classics. It is probable that before long the author of *Supernatural Religion* will be remembered only as the man, *sine tribu sine nomine*, who was slain by Dr. Lightfoot in the *Contemporary Review*.

Dr. Salmon's *Infallibility of the Church* is a set of lectures delivered by their eminent author, while still Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Dublin, on the claim of the Church of Rome—or, as we must now say, of the Bishop of Rome—to be accepted as the infallible guide and judge in all controversies touching the Christian faith. Dr. Salmon's object, as defined in the preface, is to facilitate the reunion of Christendom by inducing the withdrawal of claims which can neither be granted nor compromised. If this was really the idea with which he wrote, he, too, has "launched an olive-branch from a catapult." If we may be permitted to regard the lectures as intended to arm their hearers for battle, we may call them admirable; but they are pacific only in the sense of the old adage *Si vis pacem para bellum*. But what can a Regius Professor of Divinity do better than supply his pupils with the sharpest and toughest weapons for a controversy which even in England is serious and in Ireland is menacing? Dr. Salmon has accomplished this task with that wide and accurate scholarship and that keen, clear intelligence that distinguish all he writes. But his spear is not like that of Achilles, which healed the wounds it made. What he says is delivered in a pungent, unsparing style, abounding in good stories and apt, homely illustrations, with a scornful flip in almost every sentence. It fixes itself upon the mind; but, if we did not happen to be on the same side, we should find it a little exasperating. The lectures are printed almost exactly as delivered, with necessary notes and a few additions. There is a genuine extempore ring about them, and not the expressions only, but the arrangement, has an easy discursive flow, which makes it difficult to reproduce the argument in a compact form. Indeed, no *résumé* could do justice to a subject so wide and intricate, or to the learning with which it is here treated. Dr. Salmon begins with the more abstract and ends with the more concrete aspect of his subject. The first question considered is whether there is or ought to be any infallible guide in matters of faith. Probably this to many minds is the most important question of all. They think that there must be; and, as no other Church claims the prerogative, they find themselves irresistibly drawn towards the Church of Rome, which does. Dr. Salmon's answer is, that, if by infallible guide we mean one that can resolve every doubt that may present itself to the soul of man, there is none; if, on the other hand, we mean one that can teach us all vital and essential truth, it is to be found in Scripture with a certain help from tradition. "Dr. Hawkins, the late Provost of Oriel, summed up our doctrine on this subject in the formula—the Church to teach, the Scriptures to prove." What this means—the use of Scripture in the early Church, and the nature, value, and limitations of tradition—is admirably explained by one who knows exactly what tradition is. Here come in some excellent remarks on the paralysing effect of a belief in infallibility in the wide sense. God does not, for reasons that we can well understand, save men in

their own despite from sin. "Equally opposed to His method is any system which proposes to preserve men from error by keeping them in the state of childhood." The next question, "Supposing Rome to be infallible, could we logically believe her to be so?" is one which would perhaps have been better omitted. Only, says Dr. Salmon, by arguing in a vicious circle. That is to say, Rome asserts "I am infallible because I always speak the truth." And if we ask, "How do we know that what you say is truth?" the answer is, "Because I am infallible." The reasoning in form is illogical; nevertheless the objection is futile. It proves too much, and might be urged with equal force against the Ten Commandments. Love always argues in a circle, and its conclusion always contains more than its premisses; and if "faith's venture" is barred by logic, so much the worse for the logic. The point to which the battering-ram may be applied with effect is that which Dr. Salmon treats last, "Is Rome as a matter of fact infallible?" Here he is on strong ground, of which he knows every inch. Till 1870 the Roman Church never officially claimed infallibility, and those who believed in her possession of the gift did not know in what organ the infallibility resided, whether in the Church at large, or in General Councils, or in the Pope. Her conduct has not been that of one who believed in her own infallibility. This point is elaborated with great fulness of detail, and is perhaps the most convincing part of the book. The rulers of the Roman Church have manifestly been guided merely by the tactical rules of a clever political leader, waiting always to see how the wind will blow, keeping silence in the heat of the conflict, and then claiming credit for the result. Another fatal sign is, that in the Roman Church, as in political factions, the head is swayed by the tail. An ambiguous patronage is extended to popular "developments," the spurious miracles of Lourdes, La Salette, and Knock, the crazy revelations of Gertrude, Marie Alacque, Marie Taigi, and Lutgarde, the debased Mariolatry of Neapolitan lazzaroni. Intelligent Romanists look askance at such doings, and it is possible for a respectable priest to acknowledge that "there are many things in the Breviary which he does not believe." But woe to them if they express their scepticism too loudly, for what was yesterday a pious opinion may to-morrow be *de fide*. Still further, beyond this trimming to the popular blast, positive blunders can be brought home to the infallible guide. Dr. Salmon tells again with great power the old comedy of the Sixtine Vulgate, and the old tragedy of Galileo. The story of the progress of the Roman Supremacy, and of the astounding discovery that the personal infallibility of the Pope was not a mere "Protestant calumny," but an eternal truth, concludes the volume. Such a book by such an author, it need hardly be said, is far more than a mere polemical arsenal. The student will find light thrown upon numerous vexed questions in exegesis, Church history, and early Christian literature, while the casual reader will learn with interest why Mr. Pigott wore the scapular. The weakest part in the work is the treatment of Development, which is disjointed, onesided, and imperfect. There is a truth in Cardinal Newman's contentions which has been misused, not only by Romanists, but also by certain German divines, and our students should be very carefully instructed to disentangle the truth from its misuse. It is a pity that their peaceful fructification should be interrupted by the sound of the cane, which Dr. Salmon wields so vigorously, and, after all, it would have been better if the flogging had been delegated to the porter, and administered outside the class-room door. Indeed, is the flogging any good? Nobody ever gave a reason for going over to Rome that could be put into a syllogism, and the only good reason ever given for coming back was that of a distinguished man who had performed the double journey, and justified his return by the statement that he had found Roman Catholics no better, if no worse, than other people.

Canon Cheyne, it will be remembered, read at the Manchester Church Congress a very able paper on the duty of the clergy to familiarize their congregations with the most assured results of modern criticism, especially with regard to the Hebrew Scriptures. His argument was open to three objections—first, that the pulpit is not the place for discussing difficult questions of scholarship, unless under exceptional circumstances; second, that the clergy, as a rule, are not qualified for handling such topics; and, third, that the critics themselves are not agreed what results can be regarded as assured. It would not be an edifying spectacle if all our curates took to lecturing on Kuenen and Wellhausen. There can, however, be no sort of objection to a man of Canon Cheyne's learning and piety illustrating his theory in practice. This is what he has undertaken to do in the present series of Sermons on the Life of Elijah. We may regard them either as sermons pure and simple or as illustrations of a theory. In the first point of view, they are admirable, charming, devout, and graphic. The author's rich learning is skilfully applied to bring out every feature in the narrative that can interest or instruct. It is perhaps unjust to represent the prophet as a rather dull man who did not exactly understand what he was doing, and the attempt to whitewash Ahab is not successful. Canon Cheyne speaks of his "noble death"; but Ahab is surely represented as trying to shirk his doom in rather a mean way by a device of the same kind as that of the Wild Boar of Ardenne or our own Richmond. Also the applications, though exceedingly good, are neither very obvious nor very inspiring. But as illustrations of a theory the sermons will not satisfy anybody. The "most assured result of criticism" appears to be the axiom that, whenever the reader of the Bible comes upon an event of the supernatural order, he may treat it in one of three ways—he may accept it, or

he may deny it, or he may wrap it up in such language that nobody can tell whether he accepts it or whether he denies. Instances of all three methods of treatment will be found in this little book. But, if this is all criticism has to say, it appears to be of the nature of an impertinence. We do not want learned professors to tell us that we may take our choice.

Paul of Tarsus is another attempt to present the intelligent reader with the "results of criticism," but is certainly not the work of a learned professor. The style is that so much admired in Ouida, and the matter is drawn from the depths or shallows of the author's mind. At least, we do not know where else he, or she (can it be Ouida in masquerade?), learned that John the Baptist was a Buddhist, and that Our Lord had "chestnut locks and deep, dark eyes." People who can write or read this sort of stuff could believe anything, and might just as well be orthodox, if it were not for the fun of the thing.

Mr. Rendall's *Epistle to the Hebrews* comprises an English text (practically an original translation) and notes, with an appendix, formerly published as an independent volume, on the Theology of the Hebrew Christians. Mr. Rendall holds that the Epistle reflects the teaching of St. Peter; that it was written from Italy to the Churches of Palestine, but not to Jerusalem, at the time of the siege of the city by Titus, when Jewish Christians saw the old worship going to wreck, and were anxiously asking themselves what would be the result of the disasters of the time on their own position; and that the author was a Jew of Palestine, who had been carried prisoner to Rome by Vespasian. All these points are disputable, but Mr. Rendall defends his own view with much ability. The book has high merit. The scholarship is excellent, and the author has pondered well all that he says. But space forbids us to do more than point out what strike us as blemishes. In a work of so much learning Mr. Rendall should have referred more directly to the labours of his predecessors. To ignore their very names is hardly fair to his readers or to himself. It is a practice which fosters that tendency to eccentricity which is the bane of English scholarship. The translation is open to many exceptions. "Of the Son He saith" (i. 8) involves a departure from the text, and "complete" does not strike us as a good rendering of the difficult epithet applied to the sanctuary in ix. 1. May we venture to suggest "typical of the universe"? Philo thought that the Tabernacle was an image of the world. "While the first chamber is still holding a position which is a figure for the time being" (ix. 9) is, again, surely incorrect. There are, perhaps, a dozen other points in which Mr. Rendall may be thought to have gone astray. In the appendix, also, there is that which will not satisfy some of his readers. Self-sacrifice, Mr. Rendall urges, is the only true sacrifice. This is true, but not the whole or the deepest truth. The essence and vital principle of all sacrifice is its vicariousness. Where this is wanting we speak of devotion, but hardly in the proper sense of sacrifice. Many people, again, do not think it scriptural to speak of the Lord's life as of an integral part of His sacrifice. Can Mr. Rendall produce any passage where we are said to be saved by His life? But we do not wish to leave an unfavourable impression on our readers' minds. Rather we would warmly commend Mr. Rendall's edition to all thoughtful readers of this great Epistle.

We need not dwell at length upon Mr. Sadler's edition of the *First and Second Epistles to the Corinthians*. It is of a more popular character than the book just noticed, but none the less excellent on that account. Mr. Sadler's merits as a wise and practical commentator are well known, and his new volume will be welcome to many readers, especially among the country clergy.

The list of sermons includes *Sermons for the Christian Year*, by the late Dean Alford; *The Faithful Departed, and other Sermons*, by the Rev. C. P. Eden. Mr. Eden's name is fresh in the memory of all readers of Dean Burgon's *Lives of Twelve Good Men*, and of this volume also it may be said that it "deserves to be inquired after and diligently read"; *The Light that Lighteth Every Man*, by the late Dean of Adelaide, with a graceful *memoriam* notice of Mr. Russell's life, character, and other works, by Dr. Plumptre; and *The Worship of Heaven*, another posthumous volume of sermons, by the late Vicar of Highgate, with an introduction by Bishop Alexander.

We have received also *Our Catholic Inheritance in the Larger Hope*, by the Rev. Alfred Gurney, a booklet the scope of which is pretty clearly indicated by its title; *Christianity and Islam in Spain*, by Mr. Haines, the Cambridge Kaye Prize Essay for 1888, which deserves the notice of historical experts; an anonymous translation of Renan's *Apostles*; a selection of passages from Chrysostom, translated by Mary H. Allies; *A Manual for Holy Days*, by F. C. Woodhouse; *The Bible and the Papacy*, by Rev. R. Belaney, and *What are the Catholic Claims?* by the Rev. Austin Richardson, who has apparently been summoned by the Rev. Luke Rivington to his aid against Mr. Gore; *The Sternness of Christ's Teaching*, by J. F. Bethune-Baker; *The Lord of Humanity*, by F. J. Gant, an interesting little volume, by one whose profession as a surgeon has familiarized him with sad sights, without dulling his sensibility; the second volume of Mr. Kettlewell's *Inquiry into the Basis of True Christian Unity*, and a new edition of Canon Mozley's well-known *Lectures on the Old Testament*.

July 20, 1889.]

THE BOOK OF THE FARM.*

THIS Division of *The Book of the Farm* is as interesting and is calculated to be as useful as the last which we reviewed in these columns; but here and there it is open to the charge of repetition. The subject of ploughing had been dealt with at great length in a former volume, and now a good deal of the old ground is gone over again. Then there is a long and excellent section on "Manures and Manuring," and this is followed by others on the "Rothamsted Experiments," "Aberdeen Experiments," and "Highland and Agricultural Society's Experiments," in which much the same matter is presented to the reader again and again. There is much repetition also in the descriptions of the treatment of sheep in England and Scotland, and in different places in each. Nevertheless, we should hesitate in giving any other book on farming the preference over this new edition of *Stephens's Book of the Farm*.

In the section on the management of cattle in spring, doubts are expressed as to whether the deleterious effects usually attributed to ergot do not, in the majority of cases, owe their origin to other causes. Farmers will do well to study the remarks upon this subject before condemning a pasture or a stack of hay in which traces of ergot have been found. Oil-cake is strongly recommended for calving-cows, both for a month before and a month after the birth of the calf. Every one who has talked to ill-educated farmers about cattle-cakes must know how apt they are to have a prejudice in favour of one kind for all occasions, to the exclusion of every other. Yet the difference in certain respects between decorticated cotton-cake and linseed oil-cake is almost greater than that between boiled rice and stewed prunes to human beings. Each is highly valuable at its proper time, although there are circumstances under which it would be absolutely pernicious. In case of meals, again, one farmer will invariably buy bean meal and another Indian meal, instead of getting each as circumstances may require. Exceedingly full details are given about calving, and a sensible suggestion is made that even smart farmers' daughters would not demean themselves by making themselves acquainted with such matters as the rearing of calves. English farmers are strongly urged to breed and to rear more calves, instead of buying stores. In the first place, they are told that they should usually breed one or two calves from every heifer intended as a store. "The calf or two will have done her little or no harm in the butcher's eye, if only she does not show the udder of a cow. This will not often arise when the calves suckle." A large salesman in the North of England stated that in his experience "two calves or so in no way spoiled the sale of a young heifer" under these conditions, and he added "that a lot of young heifers never came before him for sale but he regretted that so much valuable material was being wasted. Premature fattening of heifers is really killing the goose that lays the golden egg. In these times farmers cannot afford such waste as that." Secondly, it is stated that farmers do not, as a rule, breed long enough from their cows. They should "breed from all suitable cows as long as possible." In some modern books on cattle and dairy-farming, exactly the opposite theory is advanced, and their authors maintain that one decided source of loss to many farmers is their practice of persistently breeding from favourites, even when very old. The section on lambing in this Division of *The Book of the Farm* is as elaborate as that on calving, and few cow or sheep owners, who have not served a practical apprenticeship, will read either without finding something of which they were hitherto ignorant. We would recommend amateurs to study both of these sections, as they will then be enabled to appreciate the difficulties of the cormen and shepherds whom they are so ready to blame if everything does not go quite smoothly.

There were days when manure was the symbol of the lowest form of bucolic stupidity; it has now become a science of disconcerting complexity. It might be supposed that, when a chemical analysis of a soil had been obtained, the farmer would only have to select the manure specially suited to supply its deficiencies; but in reality he cannot proceed so fast as that, or, if he does, it will be at considerable risk; indeed, it may be said that he never uses artificial manures without more or less risk. For, after the chemist has told him the exact quantity of what the author calls "any element in the soil or subsoil," he has yet to learn

how much of that element exists in a form available to the plant, and how much of it is locked up in combinations which the weaker acids at the command of the plant are unable to break up. True, by diluting and weakening his acids and alkalies, so as to bring them as near as possible to the strength of the dissolving agents at the command of the plant, the chemist endeavours to estimate the amount of available plant food in a soil. In this way he is able to obtain information of undoubted value. Yet it is merely an estimate, and in practice has to be followed with caution.

In another place we are given an example of the untrustworthiness of such a chemical analysis as a guide to manuring. A soil was analysed and found to contain muriate of potash at the rate of 3 tons per acre within a foot of the surface. The same artificial manures were applied to two plots of this land, but on one of them 2 cwt. of muriate of potash was added per acre. The latter plot produced 54 bushels of barley to the acre, while

upon the other the crop failed. "There was an abundance of potash in the soil, but it was not available to the barley. Hence, on this soil an application of potash was essential for profitable cropping, and no amount of other manures would succeed without it." After all the scientific research which has been made on the subject of manures, one fact becomes more and more certain, and it is thus summarized in this volume:—"Farmyard manure contains all the elements necessary for plant-growth, and is, therefore, a complete manure. If applied in sufficient quantity it will, without any extraneous aid, maintain fertility even under an intense system of cropping." On the other hand, it is in many cases a very expensive manure. It costs a great deal in cartage, and, in order to apply any one of the "elements of plant-growth," all have to be applied, if farmyard manure is used. Unfortunately, a large portion of those not required, instead of remaining in the soil for future crops, "escape through channels which were formerly unsuspected as means of loss," such as the washing away of nitrates in drainage water, evaporation as nitrogen gas, and the nitrification caused by countless myriads of bacteria. "In times past we have placed too much faith in the soil as the custodian of costly manure. While nourishing a growing crop the soil is commendably faithful to its trust, and does not then readily part with its available plant-food except to the crop itself. But the moment the crop is removed the soil loses retentive power," and loss sets in. This loss "may be reduced to a minimum by having the soil covered with vegetation throughout the entire year, or in cold northern districts by leaving it bare only in the winter months, when the temperature is usually too low for the formation of nitrates to proceed in the soil." For this purpose many farmers now sow some forage crop—such as rye—after removing a cereal crop. According to this theory, the loss through the old system of leaving land fallow must have been enormous. The most approved practice at present is to keep working the land unmercifully and to feed it unsparingly. It may be some comfort to landlords who have exhausted or badly-farmed land to let to learn that the author considers that soil which has been neglected and exhausted will respond to the application of artificial manure more readily than under any other conditions, since, "by repeated cropping without receiving an adequate return in the shape of manure," it has become "exhausted of certain elements of fertility; while, by the decay of the roots of the crops, other elements of plant-food are stored up in increasing quantity," and these are called into action when the land is well tilled and the deficiencies are supplied in the form of suitable manures.

The fossil manure of extinct animals and reptiles is used to an immense extent by modern farmers, although it may be that comparatively few of them are aware of it. Rendered soluble by sulphuric acid, in the form of superphosphate, over half a million tons of coprofile are placed on the markets of Great Britain every year. Fossil guano, again, is imported largely from the West Indian islands. But one of the most satisfactory as well as one of the most economical of artificial manures is what is known as Thomas Slag. We are told here that it was invented and patented by Messrs. Thomas and Gilchrist in 1879, but that it was only introduced into the market in 1886, and that now about 600,000 tons of it are produced annually in Europe. Everybody is familiar with the ugly heaps of slag which are to be seen adjoining iron-factories, and they were until lately considered, not only useless, but serious encumbrances. The slag may now be converted into a very valuable manure, instead of being thrown away as rubbish. "The method consists in mixing the molten iron with about twenty per cent. of lime. The converter, which is a large, pear-shaped vessel, is also lined with lime, instead of brick. The various impurities, such as manganese, silicon, phosphorus, and carbon, combine with the oxygen present in a stream of air which is forced through the molten mass, and either burns off or forms oxides with these substances. But on an increase of the already high temperature the phosphorus is converted into phosphoric acid, which combines with the lime, and the resultant product is the Thomas Slag, or phosphate of lime." The slag is then ground into a very fine powder, and passed over magnets of great power, which abstract a portion of the iron still left in it. Thomas Slag has the advantage of being a very soluble form of phosphatic manure, and perhaps its only drawback is that in some instances it contains too large a proportion of oxide of iron. The remarks about Thomas Slag in *The Book of the Farm* were corroborated a few weeks ago by an article upon agriculture in the *Times*, in which it was stated that "Thomas's basic phosphate (or basic cinder) is now the cheapest phosphate available, and it has this year more than borne out its character, and easily beaten its competitors." But it should be remembered that the season has undoubtedly been peculiarly favourable for this form of phosphate.

The section on Seed Time is full of interest, and the disputed merits of sowing one-hand, two-hand, hand-broadcast, machine-broadcast, and by drilling and dibbling, are discussed at great length. Every one may not know that, of an apparent volume of ploughed soil, about one-quarter consists of air, and air, as well as soil, water, and a certain temperature, is required to make a seed germinate—"what excites the vitality of seeds we do not know, perhaps never shall—it is a secret which nature has hitherto kept to herself; but we do know the circumstances in which seeds must be placed in order that they may begin to grow or germinate." The diagrams of the principal grasses are clear and simple. The greater number of the illustrations in the volume, however, as well as the eight plates of "animal portraits," are somewhat behind the times. We are not forgetting that *Stephens's Book*

* *The Book of the Farm*. By Henry Stephens, F.R.S.E. Fourth edition, revised, and in great part rewritten. By James Macdonald, of "The Farming World." In six divisions. Division III. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons. 1889.

of the Farm is a reproduction of an old book, nor that in a new edition of a much-respected work it may be well that its character should be maintained as much as possible; but for all that we are inclined to think that when a book has been "in great part rewritten" the reviser need not hesitate to improve the illustrations as much as the letterpress.

THREE GENERATIONS OF BOOKSELLERS.*

THE history of the Leipsic firm of K. F. Koehler, from 1789 to 1889, from its humble beginnings in the little shop in the Nikolai-strasse to its palatial importance in the fine building which covers sixty-eight metres of the Stephan- and thirty-nine and thirty-seven metres of the adjacent Sternwarten- and Seeburgstrassen, is told by Herr Rudolf Winkler with complacent elaboration of detail. Herr Winkler, a confidential member of Koehler's staff, dedicates this record to the friends of the firm on the occasion of its hundredth anniversary, with a touch of the magniloquent reverence with which an old soldier might have written of the house he had served his life long, and with all the gratitude which comes of faithful service in a worthy cause. If there are many among the uninitiate who will cavil at the formidable array of technicalities with which the words bristles, there are few who will withhold their sympathy from the success that crowns the indomitable perseverance of three generations, or their interest from the direct and simply-told narrative of the writer, who in his modest preface confesses to less experience in belles-lettres than in business-letters. In 1789 Karl Franz Gottlieb Koehler, son of Johann Koehler, "Korduaner"—i.e. descendant of a long line of workers in Cordovan leather, from the turned-up "Schnabelschuhe" of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries to the fine leather prepared for the more sober gear of the eighteenth, struck out a new line for himself. Having previously served his four years' apprenticeship under Paul Gottfried Kummer, he set up as a bookseller in the house in the Nikolai-strasse which his grandfather Simon had bought for 1,850 thalers, in 1702, of the heirs of a certain Bankmann, printer.

Karl Franz Koehler learnt his business thoroughly, and something else besides—namely, that it was ill trifling with a book-selling citizen of his native town in the year of grace 1780. He and his biographer appear to accept as a natural consequence of staying too long on the top of a ladder that the autocratic Kummer should have knocked him off it, to the detriment of one shoulder, which was ever afterwards higher than the other, a witness of his transgression. In 1790 the business established by Koehler had outgrown the paternal walls. He transplanted it to a larger dwelling in the Ritter-strasse, where it remained until 1839. The French Revolution, the crushing of the Fatherland under Napoleon's chariot-wheels, her reawakening to life and liberty, did not distract the founder of the firm from the chief aim of his life. "For there," during all those eventful years, "honest work was done, according to the good custom of German trade and of the Leipsic book-trade," avers his chronicler, with a retrospective equanimity not unworthy of Frau Buchholz. It is but ruffled for a moment by Herr Koehler's imprisonment in 1808 for the sale of a forbidden work on "Napoleon Bonaparte and the French People under his Rule." The shock of the week's imprisonment, followed by heavy fines and much vexation, brought on an illness which lasted several months. "But," adds Herr Winkler, "this episode gives to us, who come after him, the agreeable certainty that, amid the stress and din of foreign rule, Koehler felt, as a German, that he was far from fearing any one, and that in the most troublous times he went his way without exaggerated care for the morrow." This eulogy has, we must confess, been expressed with greater concision by those persons who declared Mr. Deadeye, "in spite of all temptations to belong to other nations," to have "remained an Englishman." In 1805, although Koehler's staff consisted but of one assistant and an errand-boy, he was the accredited Leipsic agent of many important firms, and dealt largely in educational works and works on jurisprudence and medicine. Despite a quaint circular, addressed, in 1822, "to his youthful colleagues," in which he begs them to desist from sending him "such perfectly useless novelties as works on philosophy, novels, and plays," he appears, during the preceding fifteen years, to have driven a brisk trade in the "sentimental works [“empfindsame Romane”] of Schilling, Schulz (Laun), Kotzebue, Haken, Winkler (Th. Hell), Zschokke, and more especially the eighty and odd novels of August Lafontaine," well-known Protestant preacher at Halle. These publications were "awaited with longing alike by librarians and their patrons"; while Schiller and Goethe appear to have ranked as comparatively profitless items. Karl Franz Koehler died in 1833; and his elder son Franz reigned in his stead.

He began his apprenticeship under Christian Horvath, of Potsdam, who, after attending the Easter book fair at Leipsic, packed his apprentice, with his other acquisitions, into his own travelling carriage, the better to instruct him in the duties that awaited him. The first of these, under a master who is described as "of the old sort and fibre," was the filling of the latter's pipe. A year later he was transferred to Heyer's, at Giessen, where, notwithstanding the indignity of being set daily, or

rather nightly, "to clean the big lamp," and the total absence of Christmas presents, young Koehler became thoroughly grounded in the innermost mysteries of his trade. The lamp-cleaning was a subject of offence to his father, especially when he realized the profanation by "oil-spots" of his son's garments. "What was he paying Heyer eighty thalers a year for?" Yet with Heyer did young Koehler serve his full four years, and when he left him as a full-fledged bookseller's assistant, he counted his taskmaster among his friends for life. From 1824 to 1830, when his father's failing health necessitated his undertaking the management of the paternal business, young Koehler had served many masters, in Vienna, Aarau, Fribourg, Munich, and in Berlin. His employer in Berlin was a Herr Friedrich Laue, as to whom a Leipsic newspaper of the year 1839 gives the following information: "Fr. Laue, formerly a bookseller of Berlin, commanded a detachment of the Turkish Artillery during the battle of Nisibin, and was instrumental in saving it from total destruction at the hands of the Egyptians." Herr Winkler gives this quotation as a proof "that nothing is impossible to a German bookseller," a statement which is qualified by the additional information that Herr Laue had been a soldier before he sold books and music. The elder Koehler's business had been destined for his second son, who, however, eventually declined the responsibility. When Franz put his shoulder to the wheel, taking the business from his father, and undertaking to provide for his family, he relinquished many cherished dreams of extended trade and travel, which had been deferred from time to time by want of capital—a fortunate want, remarks Herr Winkler, for the fortunes of the house.

The new head of the firm was ambitious of extending the publishing branch thereof, and in his endeavour overcame difficulties that would have been insuperable to any one but himself. But in 1846 the firm had so outgrown itself that Franz Koehler found it necessary to decide between publishing and bookselling. Publishing was more to his cultured and speculative taste; but bookselling, thanks to the many new agencies that had been thrust upon this commercial genius, was more remunerative. Adolf Winter, an employé of the firm, acquired the publishing branch of it, and Koehler removed to larger premises in the Post-strasse—an extensive building known as Volckmar's Hof, in any one corner of whose dingy magnitude the original little book store might have lost itself. Although the staff consisted at that epoch of not more than ten employés, Koehler's agents were to be met with all over the civilized world, especially in North and South America. The staff did wonders under the vigilant eye of the chief, who was never seen by any of them to sit at his desk, where he elected to stand (when not making his rounds of inspection) from nine till two, and from three to seven or eight. By an unwritten law, neither clerks, packers, nor porters ever left "Koehler's" while Herr Koehler stood at his desk. When any of them ventured to ask what was "closing hour," the imperturbable head of the firm would touchsafe no answer until he was ready to leave. Then, raising his hat, he would reply:—"Closing hour, gentlemen, is when the old man leaves." Work was Franz Koehler's dearest recreation, and after early service he devoted part of every Sunday to it. The year 1866 was one of sore trial to Koehler, for the war between Austria and Prussia paralysed trade. A friend was unable to pay him a large sum which he had guaranteed. Well for him that he had never been known to refuse his help to a friend in need, for at this critical juncture so many came forward to help the tottering firm that the hard times were tided over. In 1867 his eldest son Franz, who had been apprenticed in London and Paris, entered the business.

In 1869 Herr Koehler celebrated his Jubilee, in 1871 he had the joy of welcoming home his two soldier sons Otto and Hugo, after the Franco-German War, and in 1872 he died, full of years and such honours as his fellow-citizens could bestow on him. He was succeeded by his son Franz, to whose inherited energy of character and capacity for business was united a wide and varied experience. The present head of the firm had not only served his term in the great capitals of Europe, he had loved and cultivated study, had made many useful acquaintances in foreign lands, and—crowning glory of a German's youth—had been present at the bombardment and capitulation of Paris. Thus it came to pass that by 1881 several other great firms had been absorbed by Koehler's, to the satisfaction of all concerned. They were besides the accredited agents of between five and six hundred other firms, so that the vast edifice in the Stephan-strasse, completed on the 25th of September of that year, was none too vast for Koehler's army of "assistants, writers, volunteers, and apprentices," and for the prodigious stock of contemporary and ancient literature (the latter branch being designated "Antiquarium") with which they dealt. Yet even in 1881 "Koehler's" had apparently not reached its apogee. "Rast ist rust," quoth Herr Winkler, quoting Prince Bismarck. And it is beyond the power of any present or future Koehler (by which we and Herr Winkler mean the head of Koehler's firm) either to rest or rust. The mighty enterprise, that has lately attained its hundredth year, continues to grow and expand, and absorb, without annihilating, surrounding powers, like some beneficent monster by man created, yet man-compelling. May its shadow never be less! "Das walte Gott!" we echo, in the words of the pious historian.

* Das Buchhandlungshaus K. F. Koehler in Leipzig, 1789-1889. Rudolf Winkler. Leipsic: K. F. Koehler.

SÈVRES PORCELAIN.*

THE First Part of this splendid work has been published, and nine more parts are to follow; but, as the introductory essay of M. Garnier is in this issue, together with a sufficient number of plates, there is no difficulty in judging of the whole book from the specimen before us. As everybody knows who has "gone in" for old Sèvres, the soft paste was only made for about forty years, was enormously expensive, and is now correspondingly rare. The largest collection in this country is probably that formed by George IV., part of which is carefully stored at Buckingham Palace and part at Windsor Castle, where it forms the chief ornament of one of the drawing-rooms. M. Garnier, in writing his account of Sèvres soft paste, has had access to the Royal collection, and also to that of Sir Richard Wallace and that of the Rothschild family. The illustrations to the present instalment, except one piece belonging to Baron Alfred de Rothschild, are from the Carnavalet Museum and from private collections, such as those of the Marquis de Thury, M. Fournier, M. André, and others. M. Garnier has resorted to the reprehensible plan of printing the name of each object figured on the tissue paper over it, which is very inconvenient and may prove even hurtful. The drawings, done by M. Garnier himself, are wonderfully brilliant and the engravings in chromolithography, or some such process, well printed, and represent with extreme fidelity and minuteness the exquisite productions of the famous factory. It was first started at Vincennes in 1750. A certain Sieur de St.-Etienne is said to have discovered the art of making a paste which would passably imitate the Chinese kaolin, or hard paste, some time towards the end of the seventeenth century. He was a potter at Rouen, but appears to have been satisfied with the beautiful faience or earthenware which he made, and to have handed on his discovery to some other manufacturer, and the first European porcelain was produced at Saint Cloud. The soft paste, it is well to remember, is only relatively soft—that is to say, its consistency is as hard as that of Chinese porcelain, but it will not bear so great a heat, and the surface glaze is easily scratched. When it was found that true kaolin existed in Europe the soft paste was no longer used; hence the rarity and value of this earliest French porcelain. Apart, too, from this, it was costly to make from the beginning, and we read that, when Louis XV. gave Princess Marie-Joséph of Saxony two little pieces, a cream-jug and a sugar-basin, they cost 28 louis. A single plate, from a service ordered by Catharine II. of Russia, lately fetched 6,400 francs, or more than 250*l.* The manufacture was carried on at Vincennes till 1756, so that many of the best examples now extant must be correctly described as "Vincennes ware" rather than "Sèvres," at which latter place it assumed its title of "Manufacture Royale de la Porcelaine de France," every piece being thenceforth marked with the King's cipher. The sales in 1756 and 1758, we are told, amounted respectively to the value of 210,000 and 274,000 livres. In 1759 the King became the sole proprietor, and for a time all went well. Efforts were constantly being made to discover the secret of the German hard paste, and workmen from Meissen were bribed to reveal it. No kaolin of good quality was, however, found in France until 1768, and during the interval the French artists were able to compete with the foreign hard paste only on account of the extreme beauty of the objects they produced in the inferior material. When the necessary beds of kaolin had been discovered near Limoges, hard paste was introduced, but the soft paste was in its highest perfection just at this time, and it was not finally abandoned till 1790. Meanwhile a dishonest manager had nearly ruined Sèvres, but Louis XVI. made a strong effort to keep it going, and the National Assembly included it in the Royal property. Even after the fall of royalty the Convention decided that the manufacture was creditable to the country, and entrusted the management to skilled hands. In May 1800 the famous chemist, Brongniart, undertook the management, and the soft paste from that time was abandoned, and the very secret of its composition has long since perished.

During its best period the colours used were of the most brilliant kind. The *rose du Barry* was invented by one Hellot; but its secret died with him, and no pieces of this colour seem to have been made since 1761. The name, as M. Garnier says, is an anachronism. Mme. du Barry was still in her cradle when the "rose" ceased to be used. The same Hellot invented the turquoise blue, and the *bleu de Sèvres* dates from the same period. The marks readily give the date of manufacture, but the artist's name is not always so easily found. M. Garnier gives very full and complete lists of these marks, some of which are initials and some other signs—as an ermine spot, a sun, a triangle, or a heart. In his last chapter M. Garnier warns his readers against the tricks of the trade, and enumerates some characteristics of the spurious ware, of which a large quantity is extant, even in good collections. The colours, the application of the gilding, and other points may be mentioned; but the greatest reliance is placed on the marks, and spurious pieces have sometimes been detected because the imitator had placed the monogram of a landscape-painter on a figure-piece, or *vice versa*.

* *The Soft Porcelain of Sèvres*. With an Historical Introduction by Édouard Garnier. Translated into English by H. F. Andresen. London: Nisbets. 1889.

TWO MEDICAL BOOKS.*

DR. GEORGE JOHNSON'S *Essay on Asphyxia*, like every thing from his pen, is characterized by an almost painful earnestness, which clearly indicates the devotion of his whole intellectual power to the matter under consideration. He is probably somewhat deficient in a sense of humour; but to a man attempting to solve an abstruse scientific problem this quality is of little importance, though of great value in dealing with patients. In the first section of the essay the author describes very clearly the physiology of the circulation of the blood. We would venture to point out what appears to us an omission in this description. In speaking of the arteries he tells us of the large ones, consisting almost entirely of elastic fibre, and of the smallest ones, or muscular arterioles, which immediately precede the capillaries, and consist principally of muscular fibre. No mention is made of the arteries, intermediate in size, which have acquired much of the muscular coat which reaches its highest development in the terminal branches. This is not a trivial point, because the arteries of medium calibre as well as the arterioles help to impede the circulation of impure blood. Hence in uremic and other conditions where the blood is poisoned we frequently have a pulse tense but *small*, and not *full*, as described by Dr. Johnson on p. 48. He is, of course, right in asserting that the capillaries have no muscular coat, and consequently can exert no *stop-cock* action. The second and longest section of the essay is devoted to defending the explanation of the phenomena of apnea adopted by the older physiologists against a new one put forward recently by some of the younger workers in that branch of science. Put briefly, the theory of the former is that the final stoppage of the blood-current is brought about by the contraction of the terminal branches of the pulmonary artery, which first causes distension of this artery and of the right side of the heart, and then stagnation of blood in the systemic veins. The contention of the latter is that the result is due to the circulation of venous blood through the heart and coronary arteries, depriving its muscular tissue of the usual supply of oxygen, and, consequently, of the power of contraction. Dr. Johnson tells us that this is not really a new theory, but one propounded long ago by Bichat. For the arguments on this subject we must refer our readers to the essay itself—it would be as rational to endeavour to give an idea of a proposition of Euclid by short quotations from it as to attempt, by extracts, to set forth an outline of the author's close reasoning on this question, and want of space forbids our giving the whole of it. We may, however, say that to us it appears convincing. In the third section various pathological phenomena are compared with those of apnea. We need hardly say that those of the collapse stage of cholera occupy the first and largest portion of this section. In a note early in the book Dr. Johnson points out the difference between the meanings of the terms asphyxia and apnoea, the former standing for *pulselessness* and the latter for *breathlessness*; they are, unfortunately, not infrequently used as though they were synonymous.

The authors of *The Diseases of Children* have had much experience in the treatment of diseased and the management of healthy children. We think that, for such a work, the idea of a dual authorship is a good one. The two great and legitimate divisions of disease—namely, medical and surgical—are each treated by one who has made it his special study; and yet it is a great advantage to the senior student and junior practitioner to have the whole subject of infantile morbid conditions described in one book. Any detailed criticism of the treatment of the necessarily very numerous subjects by Dr. Ashby and Mr. Wright would be out of place in this notice. It will be sufficient to say that the information contained in this work is of a thoroughly trustworthy character, and we should not hesitate to recommend it to the perusal of any young friend of our own who might be anxious to study this very important branch of professional knowledge.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE Count de Vaudreuil, though not a man of whom the average reader probably knows much, was a kind of type, and not a bad type, of the French emigrant noblesse, to whose conduct or misconduct more and more judges are coming to attribute the disastrousness of the Revolution to France. His good points were numerous. He was devoted in good fortune and bad alike to the Prince to whom he had attached himself—the Comte d'Artois. He was equally faithful to his mistress—perhaps his platonic mistress—Mme. de Polignac. He bore prosperity without insolence, and adversity without dejection. When he married late in life he was a very affectionate husband and father. He had a pretty taste in letters, and so good a one in art that he more than once saved himself from ruin by selling the pictures he had collected. Even such a wasp as Chamfort, his parasite for a time, had nothing serious to say against him; and, with extraordinary integrity, he once not

* *An Essay on Asphyxia (Apnoea)*. By George Johnson, M.D. Lond., F.R.C.P., F.R.S. London: J. & A. Churchill.

The *Diseases of Children*. By Henry Ashby, M.D. Lond., M.R.C.P., and G. A. Wright, B.A., M.B. Oxon, F.R.C.S. Eng. London: Longmans & Co.

only refused a "pot-of-wine" from Beaumarchais, but pleasantly informed that dramatic intriguers that, if he had not been in a particularly good temper that morning, he would have thrown him out of the window for daring to propose such a thing. Even in his emigration he refused to bear arms against France, though it may be admitted that the Devil's Advocate would not be at a loss in this instance. On the other hand, he was wildly extravagant; he seems to have regarded the Government as a mere milch cow on which to draw for places, pensions, gratifications, and the like; he saw nothing improper, unpatriotic, or disloyal in furthering the intrigues of one member of the Royal Family against others, and he ran away from his country not only without trying to fight the battles of his class, and of what he was bound to regard as the country itself, but without trying to deliver France from her tyrants. His correspondence (1) with the future Charles X. (including replies from that Prince and some letters of and to other persons) is very extensive, and covers the whole period from 1789 to 1815, though most of it is earlier than the Empire. A great deal of it is occupied with historical matters already well known, with rumours that subsequently turned out unfounded, and with private affairs of little interest; but there is also valuable new matter, and the whole is of importance as giving a continuous view of the events as they appeared to a man interested indeed and prejudiced, but of no inconsiderable ability, of excellent information, and not of a violent temper. It is also extremely well edited. M. Pingaud has not only subjoined the minute biographical and other annotation in which French editors excel, but has given us what we constantly demand but very seldom receive from editors either of that or of any other nation, by putting at the head of each letter and collecting in the "Contents" short notes of the subjects mentioned. It is no exaggeration to say that this proceeding, with very little trouble to the editor (for the most careless editor must read through his texts at least once, and can jot down the headings as he does so), quadruples the value of the book to the reader. It is illustrated with four good heliogravures from originals by Mme. Vigée-Lebrun, one of Vaudreuil, one of the Count d'Artois, and two of Mme. de Polignac.

M. Bertrand Robidou's "History of the Clergy during the Revolution" (2) is a disappointing book; or, rather, disappointing is not the right word, for the preface warns the experienced reader what is to come. When a man calls the dragon's-teeth-sowing of '89, the operation which has sterilized French political capacity for a full century, "la plus noble évolution politique qui se soit accomplie sur ce globe," all men know, or ought to know, what to expect. It is fair to say that M. Robidou is less blind to some of the faults of his very ugly idol than would seem probable from this exordium. But this merit is more than compensated in the wrong way by a profusion of rhetoric and of loose uncorroborated statement, an absence of historical precision, and a great want of that chapter-and-verse citation which may be overdone, but the underdoing of which is far worse than its excess. The book is a first volume and may improve; but only if the author makes his work much more exact than it is.

We have several times noticed, and always with welcome, M. Jouast's charming issue of separate plays of Molière, with introduction and notes by M. Auguste Vitu, and an etched frontispiece by M. Leloir. The last (fourth) volume of this contains *Sganarelle* (3). This early, but extremely amusing, piece has, as M. Vitu well observes, a distinct "harlequinado" character which makes it interesting, and there can also be little hesitation in agreeing with the editor that the actor-author's extreme popularity in the title-part counted for something in that connexion of his name with a certain unpleasant status which ended in the gross and certainly unproved accusations against Armande Béjart. The frontispiece, representing Sganarelle in his panoply, with Lélie, Célie, and the Abigail in the background, is very good indeed.

M. Antoine Lévy's (4) method of teaching German would please Emeritus-Professor Blackie, for it consists of a large conversation-book, French and German in opposite columns. But how does "Qui a temps a vie" correspond to "Kommt Zeit, kommt Rath"? These things must be an allegory.

The stories in Mme. Henry Gréville's *Louk Loukitch* (5) are nearly all Russian and, as is generally the case with her Russian stories, good. The opening tale is a rather interesting illustration of the numerous veins of something like madness which pervade the Russian people, according to the testimony of their own writers, as well as others, sometimes producing skoptchi and similar things. Louk Loukitch is a retired captain of infantry, a family man fond of his wife, and an excellent fellow, but subject to fits of covetousness, which border on insanity. When the object is only a black mare too expensive for his means it does not much matter; but when it is a black-haired governess things naturally become more awkward. The tale menaces tragedy, and even reaches it, but ends happily after all. Is it true, by the way, that Russian law excuses a murderer, or attempter of murder, if his victim survives to attest forgiveness

(1) *Correspondance intime du Comte de Vaudreuil et du Comte d'Artois.* Par L. Pingaud. 2 tomes. Paris: Plon.

(2) *Histoire du clergé pendant la Révolution française.* Par B. Robidou. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(3) *Molière—Sganarelle.* Paris: Librairie des Bibliophiles.

(4) *Méthode pratique de langue allemande.* Par A. Lévy. Paris: Le Soudier.

(5) *Louk Loukitch.* Par Henry Gréville. Paris: Plon.

in open court? The provision is merciful and romantic, but perhaps doubtful as regards the public good. Another good story, not Russian this time, is entitled "Yanid," and tells how a little half-caste fiend tormented her amiable French stepmother. But we are sorry that Yanid died. She must have been an interesting specimen.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THERE must be, we fear, many people who have not read *Thordale*, and not a few who have, to whom the title-page, *The Story of William and Lucy Smith* (Blackwood & Sons), will not reveal at a glance the purport of the volume of memoirs and letters of which Mr. George S. Merriam is editor. Yet was William Smith a man of note in the circle of the elect for whom Comte furnished in some sort the gospel, Emerson and George Eliot the poetry, and Mill the law and the prophets. Early did he pursue "earnest goodness," and perfectibility, and superiority, and other virtues which humble orthodoxy humanity despairs of in this world. His cheerful faith was nobly displayed when he commenced writing in the infant *Athenaeum*, at the age of twenty, "of the main point for us being to 'live like immortals here'." In *Thordale* we have a "conflict of opinions" that leaves the biographer in great doubt as to what William Smith's real opinions were. Like *Gravenhurst*, this book may be regarded as the product of a soul that thrived on its own perplexities. It was probably after reading the former that G. H. Lewes reproached the philosopher with "the waste of his fine mind in metaphysical research." William Smith contributed much to *Maga*, a little to the *Quarterly*, and wrote several dramas, one of which, *Athelwold*, was played and obtained a *succès d'estime*, due possibly to the acting of Miss Helen Faucit and Macready. The drama is extremely dry reading. *Athelwold* and *Dunstan* prose very much as the dialoguers in *Thordale* prose, and the play, though Talfourd praised it, is now of the ghostly company of *Ion* and the only tragedy that Parson Adams read. However, Landor may be right, and there may be a future for the writings of William Smith. "I know Mr. Smith," he is reported to have said to a friend, "and everything he has published. I have a great respect for him, sir. There are things in his works quite equal to anything that Shakespeare ever wrote." This is a little strong, even from Landor. *Proh! Landor* is all we can say of it. Mr. Merriam's labours are, at the most, merely supplementary to the letters and memoir of her husband written by Lucy Smith, which often reflect in an amusingly unconscious manner the pleasures of heterodoxy as they were manifested to one whose early training was rigidly evangelical. He does indeed discern self-portraiture in the confessions of the priggish youth Cyril in *Thordale*, but he makes little or no use of this biographical key. There are minds to whom questioning and perpetual unrest are the purest joys and the very breath of life. They discuss world-old problems from which the angels shrink with a freshness of juvenility that suggests they were new-created for their solution. William Smith appears to have found delight in this form of mental dissipation, and those persons of like mind may certainly revel in *Thordale*.

A book that appears at a fortunate moment is *A Girl's Ride in Iceland*, by Ethel B. Harley (Mrs. Alec Tweedie) (Griffith, Farran, & Co.). Now the tourist's season has set in and people are intent on new fields of travel, Mrs. Tweedie's lively account of a voyage to Iceland and its agreeable and entirely successful results ought to inspire adventurous ladies to follow her example. Mrs. Tweedie describes the wonders of the land with a keen appreciation, and has not forgotten to supply many useful hints for tourists; especially may we note her instructions concerning the right riding of Iceland ponies by ladies. The primitive fashion here is decidedly the better way for ladies who are determined to follow the natives, and care not to add a side-saddle to the burden of their luggage. Dr. Harley's additional chapter, "What is a Geyser?" is a very explicit exposition of the nature and action of hot springs, illustrated by a capital diagram.

The Old Pincushion, illustrated by Mrs. Adrian Hope (Griffith, Farran, & Co.), is one of Mrs. Molesworth's pleasantest stories for children. It deals with a romantic incident, which is, we believe, founded on fact—namely, the chance finding of a paper in a pincushion which leads to the discovery of a will believed to be lost. The new volume of *Little Folks* (Cassell & Co.) is full of the things that healthy children delight in—pretty pictures and bright stories and anecdotes. In *Our British Soldiers* (Dean & Son) we have resplendent chromos that must charm the eyes of children of all growths. There are spirited pictures of the 4th Hussars skirmishing, the Royal Horse Artillery galloping over a common, and other moving spectacles, all of them vastly gay and charming.

Mr. P. H. Ditchfield's *Our English Villages* (Methuen & Co.) is a rather discursive little book written with the excellent aim of fostering an interest in village antiquities among dwellers in the country. It touches on rural life under Saxon and Norman rule, village sports and customs, archaeology and folklore, in a light chatty style, which is well adapted to the author's purpose. The woodcuts are good, though the representation of Stonehenge—which, by the way, no one now connects with Druids or human sacrifices—is more creditable to the artist's fancy than to his accuracy.

July 20, 1889.]

Various minor bards await us, the most ambitious being Mr. Luscombe Searelle, whose *Dawn of Death* (Trübner & Co.) sets forth in visionary form and stodgy blank verse the victory of a perplexed soul who held the error that "Mind was attribute of Matter." Spirit voices proclaim it to him, what time, as he puts it, "I saw my inmost soul creep slowly from my body," and he learned that "all Matter is a thing of nothingness," and "Solidity is but analogy"—whatever that may mean. The leading poem in Mr. Charles Dickinson's *The Children; and other Verses* (Sampson Low & Co.) has long enjoyed the distinction of being ascribed to the late Charles Dickens, though the matter was frequently set right in *Household Words*. It is a pretty poem, with a sweet sentiment, gracefully expressed; but it is not the best poetic wine of Mr. Dickinson's vintaging in this tuneful collection. Several of the pieces in Mr. Caillard's *The Lost Life; and other Poems* (Eyre & Spottiswoode)—the ballad of London "Stolen Flowers," for example—might effectively be introduced by reciters to vary their too-restricted programmes.

An appropriate exuberance, almost tropical in its fervour, is the mark of *Poems of Passion*, by Ella Wheeler (H. J. Drane). Not every dancer knows what is a "waltz-quadrille," which must be a fascinating measure, from the poet's account of it, with its intricate coils and "blithe chassé." Printers play strange pranks, turning the poet's "happiness" to "pappiness," as Hood says; but they do not often transpose so boldly as in "Through the Valley":—

As I came through the valley desolate,
As I came through the valley, like a biley
Of lurid lightning I beheld a gleam
Of Love's great eyes that now were full of hate.
Dear God! dear God! I could bear all but that;
But I fell down soul-stricken, dead therat
As I came through the vaeam.

Mr. Tyerman's melodious lyrics, *Day Dreams in a Devon Valley* (Torquay : Iredale), reveal a judicious employment of local colour. The sonnets are often graceful, never pretentious, and "A Ballad at Brixton" is a stirring lay with the right patriotic ring in it.

In the dainty "Stott Library" we have the first volume of a Selection from *De Quincey*, edited by W. H. Bennett (David Stott), comprising "The Opium Eater" and "Suspiria." Coleridge's *Poetical Works*, edited by W. B. Scott, is the latest addition to "Routledge's Pocket Library." This is a genuine reprint, with the poet's own notes and prefaces in full. Altogether a charming little book, and an example for editors of other series of popular reprints too often trimmed by the abhorred shears.

The neat cloth bindings of the sixpenny issue of "Cassell's Universal Library" are infinitely preferable to the flimsy covers of the cheaper form which perishes in the using, be the reader

ever so tender. There is abundant good literature and varied in the series; Hakluyt and Captain Parry, Sir Thomas More and Bacon, Shakspeare and Milton, the *Diary of Pepys*—these are before us, and printed in good, clear type.

We have also received a new edition of Charles Kingsley's *Madam How and Lady Why* (Macmillan); *Margery (Gred)*, translated by Clara Bell from the German of Georg Ebers, "authorized edition," in two volumes (New York : Gottsberger; London : Trübner); *Isaac Eller's Money*, by Mrs. Andrew Dean (Fisher Unwin); and *Suspicion*, by Christian Lys (Ward & Downey).

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For CONTENTS see page 88*

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S P O N T A N E O U S H Y D R O P H O B I A.

(From THE LANCET, May 18, 1885.)

Last week Dr. Diplock, Coroner for West Middlesex, held an inquest on the body of a journeyman blacksmith, aged twenty-three, who died, according to Dr. Ferris of Uxbridge, with all the symptoms of hydrophobia. The history showed that there was a possible bite from a dog two years previously, but there seems to be some doubt on this point. If the case were one of rabies, the period of incubation was, even for rabies, rather long. Seeing that the case is not perfectly clear, it is allowable to speculate on its nature. Now, Dr. BRODENT AND OTHERS HAVE PLACED ON RECORD CASES WHICH HAVE BEEN CHARACTERIZED BY ALL THE SYMPTOMS OF HYDROPHOBIA, WHICH WERE CERTAINLY NOT DUE TO THE USUAL CAUSE OF HYDROPHOBIA—i.e. THE BITE OF A RABID ANIMAL. In the case in question there would seem to have been a decided history of terror, almost amounting to mania. This terror, or extreme fright, may have been an efficient cause in bringing about those nervous symptoms which are the chief features of rabies, or the terror may have been one of the symptoms of the nervous disease, however originated. The chief symptoms of rabies may be explained on the view of an extremely irritable state of the grey matter of the spinal cord, medulla oblongata, and adjacent parts. This irritable state of an important part of the cerebral nervous system need not always be due to the action of the virus of rabies. Other conditions may bring it about, and some authorities have asserted that acute poisoning by alcohol, and perhaps other substances, may give rise to the same condition. It is possible that the case on which the inquest was recently held was one of this abnormal class.

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88*